

Alexander's Magazine



OCTOBER, 1906

*This Magazine gives the Negro's point
of View Regarding his own Problems
Published by Charles Alexander at
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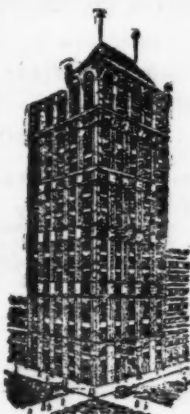
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Its equipment, from a literary view point, is of the best, since its editorial staff is composed of practical school men and women whose names stand for a high degree of scholarship ripened by experience. Essentially and at all times a journal of education, its materials are selected with reference to the needs of teachers and schools—in fine, it is a teachers' journal.

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BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

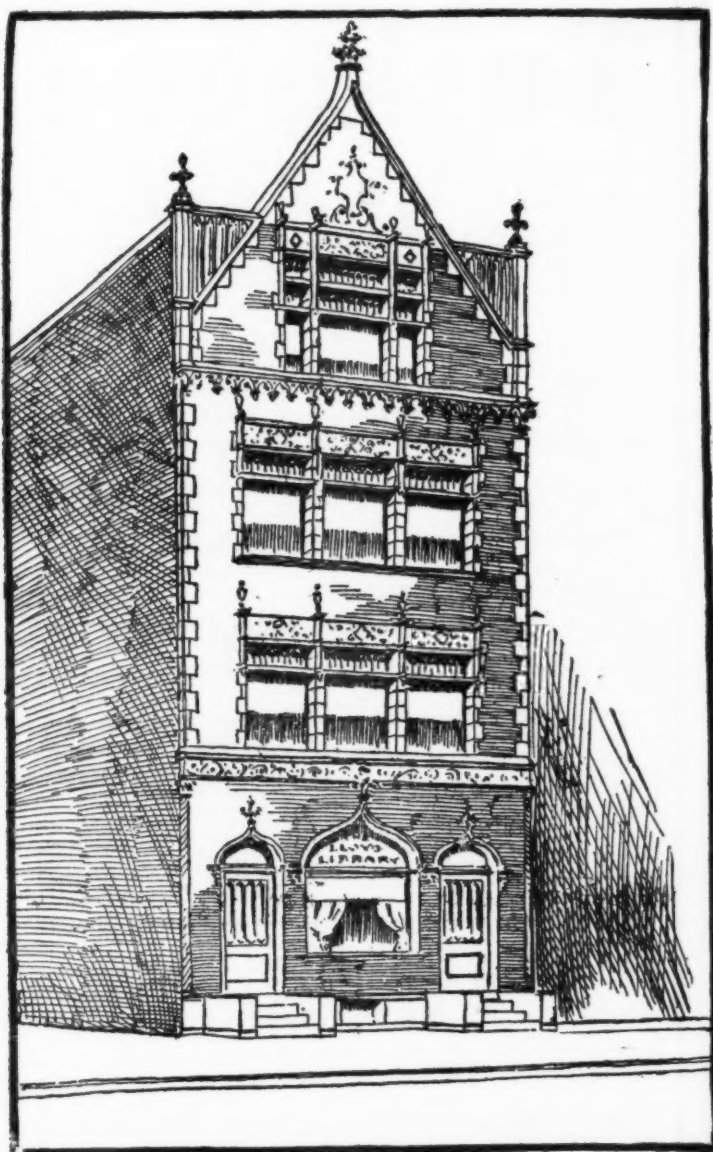
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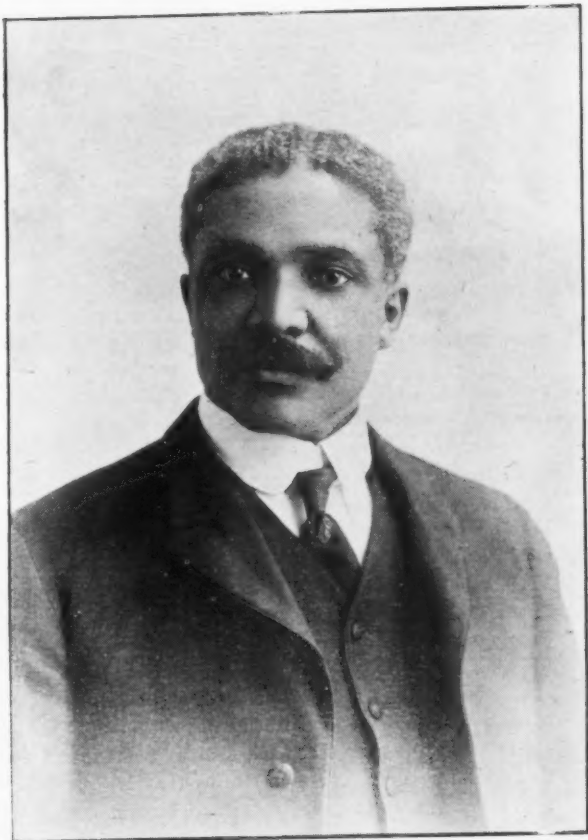
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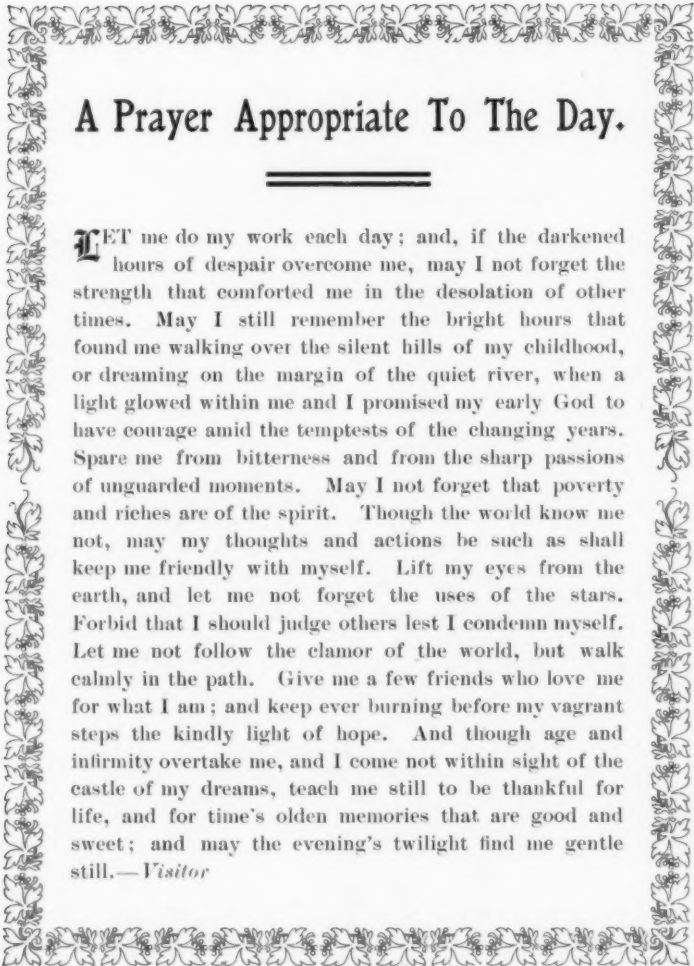
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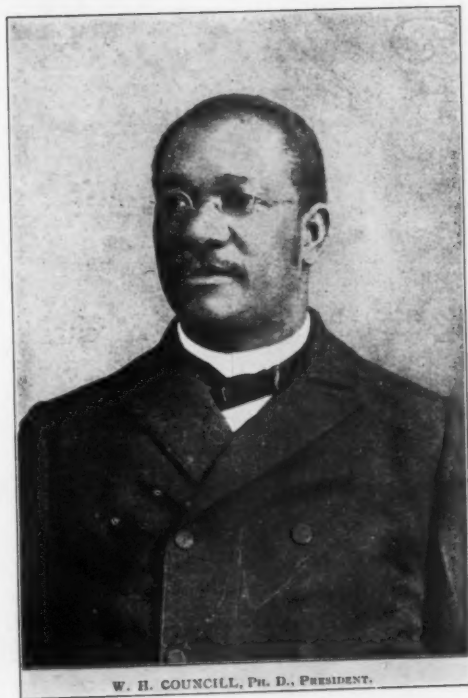


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A decorative border of repeating floral and leaf motifs surrounds the text.

A Prayer Appropriate To The Day.

LET me do my work each day; and, if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in the path. Give me a few friends who love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.—*Visitor*



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DEATH THE GOAL.

*Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea,
Are doomed to fall--
The sea of death, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.*

*Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'let's glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.*

*Our birth is but a starting place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all those glittering toys are brought,
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.*

—Ralph W. Tyler

ALEXANDER'S MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Spreading of Reliable Information Concerning the Operation of Educational Institutions in the South, the Moral, Intellectual, Commercial and Industrial Improvement of the Negro Race in the United States. Published on the Fifteenth Day of each Month. Entered as Second-Class Matter on May 3, 1903, at the Post Office at Boston Massachusetts, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879

CHARLES ALEXANDER - - - Editor and Publisher
714 SHAWMUT AVE., BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

Subscription; One Dollar a Year - - - 10 Cents a Copy

Vol. 2

OCTOEBER 15, 1906

No. 6

Editorial Department

THE GREATEST MEDICAL SCHOOL IN THE WORLD.

At a cost of nearly \$4,000,000 for various buildings, the like of which in solidarity, in beauty of construction and in equipment is not to be found in the world, Harvard Medical School on Longwood avenue, Boston, opened auspiciously in the latter part of September. Harvard University ranks, of course, as the first university in the land; and it is right and proper that each of its departments should be as complete and as thorough as its history, and its traditions would imply.

NEGRO BANKS IN RICHMOND.

The banks controlled by Negroes in the city of Richmond, Va., are in a flourishing condition, and the commercial enterprises supporting these banks are likewise flourishing. There are four of such banks in that city, and the resources reported to the state corporation commission for the year ending September 4th last were \$716,724.18. This is certainly a splendid showing, and a great source of genuine help and inspiration to a struggling people in a part of the country where prejudice and proscription, and discrimination is rampant.

THE DAY OF THE DOLLAR.

Time was in this beautiful land of ours when character, and moral culture and special intellectual gifts were worth more and esteemed more highly than the mere accumulation of dollars and cents. But now the feverish rush after dollars, the anxious pursuit of bank checks and mortgage notes, the greedy grasp for wealth, and the deification of the almighty dollar has set the whole country wild, and the good, pure, noble soul who has none of the world's goods but who is ever ready to perform a service of mercy counts for little. Big hearts and little pocket books do not go together in our country.

PROF. ROSCOE CONKLIN BRUCE IN WASHINGTON.

Prof. Roscoe Conklin Bruce, who for a number of years was at the head of the Academic Department of the Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, has been appointed to an important place in the school work of the District of Columbia. He has assumed the position of Supervising Principal of Negro Public Schools. Appreciating the value of Professor Bruce's service and being acquainted with his remarkable

ability in handling students and teachers, we predict for him a great career in Washington, the city of opportunities. Up to the present time he has had a brilliant career, being one of the most eloquent and thoughtful speakers the race has thus far produced.

THE AFRO-AMERICAN COUNCIL.

Through the indefatigable efforts of Dr. L. G. Jordan, the brave corresponding secretary of the Afro-American Council, and of Bishop Alexander Walters, the president of the organization, great interest is manifested throughout the country in the national meeting which will convene in the city of New York, October 9, to continue three days. A great host of the race's ablest defenders will be present on this auspicious occasion and it is expected that sane views will characterize the addresses and resolutions.

The organization is striving to collect \$500,000 for the purpose of carrying cases of mob-violence to the United States Supreme Court. It is sincerely hoped that the result of this meeting will be gratifying to all who have the cause of the race and the organization at heart.

REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN TEXT-BOOK.

A departure has been made in the Republican Campaign Text-Book just issued, in that its contents are wholly devoted to live issues, and these are treated in the briefest possible way, yet comprehensively enough to include all necessary facts and figures.

First, there is a general statement of the issues of 1906, followed by a brief review of Republican legislation in general and the work of the Fifty-ninth Congress in particular. The Railroad Rate Law, Pure Food Law, Free Alcohol Law, Employers' Liability Law and the Meat Inspection portion of the Agricultural Appropriation Law are given in full, as is Chairman Tawney's clear explanation of the appropriations.

The Labor question is next fully presented, followed by Representative

Watson's exposition of Anti-Trust proceedings. About one hundred pages are given to the Tariff, Agriculture and Manufactures, and the tables, showing the various phases and industrial activity.

THE NATIONAL BAPTIST CONVENTION.

Twenty-five thousand Negroes listened to an address by Booker T. Washington in Memphis, Tenn., on the evening of September 14th. It was the occasion of the annual convention of the Negro Baptists of the United States. There are more than 2,000,000 communicants in this particular denomination; nearly 17,000 churches, and fully 12,000 ministers in the United States alone. These annual conventions bring together the strongest men of the denomination; those who have arisen to prominence on account of eloquence of speech or intellectual gifts or financial advancement are large and increasing.

Dr. E. C. Morris of Helena, Ark., has been the president of the convention for two years, and the work being accomplished by this annual meeting is of incalculable value to the Negro race everywhere. Every phase of the Negro problem is carefully and sanely treated by men of experience and authority, and the people hang on their words and deliberate over them with that earnestness characteristic of souls with heavy burdens to carry, and who are struggling for the light of freedom.

The address of Doctor Washington was well received and the local newspapers declared that it was one of the most helpful and inspiring addresses ever delivered in Memphis. We shall hope to give a fuller account of the convention in the November issue of Alexander's Magazine.

NEGRO MILLIONAIRES.

The boundary lines which separate the lands of the Creek, Cherokees and Osage Indians converge to a point in the north central part of the new state of Oklahoma. A few miles south of this point in the Creek nation lives a little negro girl named Isabel Lewis,

the daughter of a negro who was formerly a Creek slave. This little girl owns eighty acres of land, part of her allotment in the new "Glenn Pool" oil district, which is giving her an income such as only millionaires can have.

The present market price of oil will give her daily income of \$650, or an annual income of \$237,000. At 5 percent that amount would be the interest on a capital of nearly \$5,000,000. Josephine Morrison, another little negro girl, 12 years of age, the daughter of a Creek freedman, has an allotment of 160 acres in the oil-producing district surrounded on all sides by flowing wells.

This scrutiny of accounts, particularly in the expenditure of money by the United States Secretary of the Interior cannot help but result in making both the Morrison and Lewis girls very wealthy women when they arrive at legal age. The most fortunate of all the owners of land in this oil district are Mrs. R. J. Glenn and her daughters Gracie and Maud, each of whom has 160 acres in the very heart of the district. Oil was first discovered on Mrs. Glenn's tract. It contains today several flowing wells which produce an amount of oil sufficient at present oil prices to give her a daily income of \$286, or an annual income of over \$100,000.

LYNCH LAW IN THE SOUTH.

There is no defense for lynch law. No sane man who has a drop of good blood in his veins will dare defend the institution. Lawlessness is a species of anarchy. However, much certain hot-headed white men may try to play upon the passions of ignorant white men, most of them absolutely irresponsible, there can be found no excuse for the outrages committed upon defenseless and oftentimes ignorant in the South. The wild rantings of the "Atlanta (Ga.) News" is directly responsible for the many crimes committed in that city during the latter part of September and the Editor should hang his head in shame for the awful calamity which he has wrought upon his fellow citizens. The disgraceful and terrible scenes en-

acted in Atlanta during the few days the riot was in progress must call for the most vigorous condemnation of the best citizens of that great city.

If the Negro race appears to move slowly forward and upward in civilization, it must be remembered that this race has to carry a very heavy burden, that it has carried a heavy burden for many centuries—all the world is against it and everywhere the trap is set to catch its members and to enslave them. Wonderful, wonderful indeed that the race can move at all!

Read this item of news published in hundreds of journals throughout the country. "C. M. Smith and Charles M. Smith, Jr., were found guilty of peonage in the Federal Court here (Cape Girardeau, Mo.) yesterday. It was shown that the Smiths had brought about forty negroes from Memphis, Cairo and other river points to their farms in New Madrid county to convert a vast area of swampy land into tillable soil. Testimony of some of the negroes as to how they were worked and whipped from daylight until dark, and herded at night like sheep in miserable quarters reeking in filth was revolting. The defence tried to prove that owing to ill feeling against Negroes in the county it was necessary for the protection of their laborers that they be guarded at all times by armed men."

We grant that these poor Negroes are ignorant, that they are helpless, but what shall we say of the men who have as little respect for law (the white men)? What estimate shall we place upon them as citizens or as men? O, the burden is indeed heavy! The day is so dark!

This last outrage in Georgia has made it very hard for a native of the United States of America with African blood in his veins to abstain from outcry, and continue to do his work, whatever it may be, in quietness and confidence, even here in the North.

How much harder for those of us living south of Dixon & Mason's line, who, till the whole body of our decent white fellow citizens is roused to cry 'Halt!' have to run the risk of similar outrages.

How impossible for those living in Atlanta or its neighborhood into whose souls the Iron has entered, wrecked as they are by the death or mutilation of those dearer to them perhaps than life itself!

And yet, even to such an one, prostrate with grief, the Master, were He here in the body, would come and bending over him lovingly would whisper, "Dry your eyes, brother, forgive them, for they know not what they do. Nineteen hundred years ago I came with glad tidings from Our Father; ever since, little by little, the forebears of those who are ill-treating you (then among the most savage of the human race) have taken those glad tidings for themselves and their children. But what have they done, what are they now doing to my brethren, whom I love, to whom more than to any others, I was sent, and but for whom my message might have been delayed till now?

Look across the Atlantic. In the least civilized part of Europe to be an Israelite is to be exposed to atrocities even worse than those which are making agony here for you, and for all decent men, women and children, North or South.

In the most civilized part, only the other day, soldiers of high standing were perjuring themselves in order to disgrace and drive out of the army a Hebrew officer, simply because he was a Hebrew, and in the island, the "cradle of the race" which is now persecuting you, it was the middle of the last century before my brethren were allowed to help make the laws of the country. And even in this good new world, which claims to be the refuge for all who are ill-treated in the old, to be a Jew—to belong to my race—though the "hatred, scoffing and abuse" have disappeared, is still to invite a sneer.

Courage, brother! What can you expect? Courage! work and wait; have faith; and never despair of your country!

CO-OPERATION vs. ANTAGONISM.

There are three movements among the Negroes of this country which have gained wide prominence. They are

the National Negro Business, which has gained wider prominence than either of the following on account of its association with Dr. Booker T. Washington, the Afro-American Council, which meets very soon in New York city headed by Bishop Walters, and the recently founded Niagara movement fostered by Dr. W. E. B. DuBois. These three movements were founded for one aim, one end—the solution of the Negro Problem or the recognition of the Negro as an American citizen with equal civil rights and privileges to all opportunities afforded by this great country. These movements differ, however, in the method of obtaining this desired end and as a result of such differences petty antagonism in spirit has been allowed to creep into their principles. The first believe that material gain, financial competence, industrial efficiency and self-respecting lives will solve the problem. The second believes in conservative agitation backed by financial aid, in fighting the courts with their own weapons, viz., in obtaining skitful and adroit lawyers to test the effectiveness of laws formulated by skillful and adroit legislatures calculated to disrobe the Negro of his civil and political rights. The third believes simply in moral suasion and radical agitation.

From this survey there is evident good in all these modus operandi, but neither one unaided will reach the desired goal. What is needed is a combination of the three, a pool or a trust. A co-operation on the part of all to form a unified, concerted body, so far as principle is concerned, is necessary. So long as any semblance of malevolence exists the purpose for which these movements stand will be thwarted, the end will be longer delayed and our efforts will be dissipated in useless, malignant warfare. It is not necessary that these movements should combine to form one great body; we would wish a separate existence for all, but it is necessary that they should be auxiliaries in principle to each other. It is imperative that one should uphold the other and lend all necessary aid or all that is possible to lend. With these three great bodies combined in spirit and principle it is pos-

sible that a potency could be very quietly acquired which would compel this country to stop and consider the wrongs perpetrated upon our people. With our camps divided, however, defeat is not difficult. It is a mark of military diplomacy to engage small divisions of an army and rout them. In this way it is possible to defeat a very large army with a small force. The existing antagonistic feelings in these movements must be expelled and harmony must exist if success would be ours. All three have a perfect right to existence and have plenty of work to accomplish. Let's get together, harmonize, agree, co-operate and our potential energy will tell in a short while the effect on the opposition—prejudiced America.

HIGH RENTS BREAKING UP HOMES.

"Rents are slowly, but surely, being raised to an almost prohibitive figure, which compels many families who have heretofore been able to struggle along to break up their homes and seek to place their children in institutions." Such is the explanation of Superintendent F. E. Bauer of the Bureau of Dependent Children in New York city. High rents are playing an important part in shaping the social condition of the Negro in large cities. The housing problem for the Negro has been before us for some time and owing to the large influx of rural people to the cities this question has grown more vexing. It is a very difficult task for decent, respectable Negroes to find suitable quarters, even if a higher rent than ordinary is willing to be paid. As a result all classes must mingle and live together in (in the majority of cases) very undesirable flats and tenements and at the same time must pay a very high rent.

Whether or not these conditions will be attributive to race suicide or not, it has one tendency which is already working noticeable results. They lower the moral tone of the people. Laxity in propriety begins as soon as a community becomes crowded with irresponsible tenants and it seems that community living in large cities

is inevitable. We have known of one or two cases where high rents have broken up homes and the children have been sent to institutions. High rent is a prohibitive to home-making, however. Many men receiving moderate salaries and wages do not marry because their incomes will not be sufficient to properly provide for a family. Realizing this they are forced to accept single in preference to married bliss. The many Negro real estate concerns and building associations are coming to the aid of the Negro and no doubt will add much amelioration to the situation.

AS TO BISHOP TURNER.

Bishop H. M. Turner, D. D., LL.D., senior bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal church, is again in the field for African immigration and this time with more vigor and energy than ever. He is attempting to interest northern philanthropists in a scheme to operate a direct line of steamers from some southern port to Africa (Monrovia, Liberia, to be specific). Bishop Turner has been very much mistaken in this proposition of immigration. Many believe that the good bishop is in favor of wholesale immigration to the land of our forefathers. He is not, however, of such an attitude, but is in favor of a conservative exodus of only progressive, self-reliant, able-bodied men and women, not the refuse Negroes. The latter are no more wanted in Liberia than in any other section of the globe.

We believe that some good will result from the bishop's endeavors, but the methods employed by him are slightly objectionable from one viewpoint, that is exaggeration of the condition of the Negro in the country. If the Negro would ever be nationalized (as the bishop believes), he must immigrate to Liberia, as it is the only place now for such a possibility. In this opinion we concur. But in order to induce the Negro to go to Liberia for this purpose it is not necessary that his condition in the country should be hyperbolized. A few such expressions as "This country is a hell for the Negro," "I am tired of this rotten country," "This country is a

vestibule of hell," etc., are spoken with good intention and, no doubt, with sincerity on the part of Bishop Turner, but nevertheless they are extravagant and as such they tend to do harm. We can appreciate the feeling of the bishop when we think of his home surroundings. Living as he does in the hotbed of prejudice, where (at this writing) a fierce race war is waging, provoked by alleged attempts on white women by Negroes, where the local papers are surprisingly outspoken in denunciation of the Negro, even countenancing and fostering the revival of the Ku Klux Klan, where the one slogan is "Down with the nigger," it is no wonder that the good bishop is vehement in his exhortation of the United States of America. He blames not alone the South, but the North comes in for an equal share of the philippics.

But a word in favor of the condition of the Negro in this country. Although the situation is very precarious from a political and civil standpoint, there are some redeeming features in the tragedy of human rights. Nowhere in the world is the Negro materially and educationally as well off as in this country. A race that has acquired over a billion dollars worth in property in 40 years must have had some sort of a chance in this country. The leaps and bounds he has made have been surprising to his most sanguine friends. Today nearly 5,000,000 Negroes are employed in the various branches of unskilled labor, 170,000 are employed as skilled workmen and approximately 50,000 find employment as teachers, preachers, the presence of Negro banks, real estate companies, insurance companies and other social institutions show that everything is not hell for the Negro. The condition is bad, we admit, and much reform is needed, but let us glory in our achievements and present tangible opportunities.

THE FRIVOLITY OF THE NORTHERN NEGRO.

At a time when human bloodhounds are pursuing innocent Negroes through the streets of one of the most progressive and highly developed communi-

ties in the South, Northern Negroes, in large numbers, having no serious thought of the future of the race, or of its present status in the Southern states, are idling away time in frivolous matters and in enjoyment of a fleeting character. It is a pity that so many dollars should be squandered on entertainments, having no high moral tone, or any economical value, when these dollars might render good service to such an organization as the Afro-American Council, and make it possible to secure justice to the struggling masses of the Negro race in the South. When we hear of \$200 being spent in an evening for the rent of a hall in which to hold a "Grand Ball," or as many dollars squandered on a picnic or excursion, we wonder if any proposition could be set before the Negroes to arouse them from their lethargy and indifference to the gravity of the situation which confronts them everywhere. More seriousness, greater co-operation, and a firmer belief and a stronger confidence in the possibilities of the race must be cultivated among its members in every community in this country, if the race is to longer look the white man in the eyes and live.

The Negro whose soul is burdened with the woes of his people and who realizes the indifference of a large floating mass in the North, who get along comparatively well, feels that most of these people are merely setting a trap by which the whole race is to be more swiftly carried into the darkness and silence of oblivion.

It is pathetic to note the eye-glances of the most serious members in our own community. There are depths of emotions which have not yet been sounded. The game of life is a long one for a race and for a nation, and the brief span of a single life can see but a few plays and pass on. It cannot be hoped that in a brief period of 45 years all of the accumulated weaknesses of centuries in a down-trodden, degraded, and humiliated race should be eliminated. But we believe that if the minister in the pulpit, the physician in his visits, the lawyer in his pleading, the business man in his daily transactions, would hint to

the average Negro the possibilities of the race to be reached by earnest co-operation and serious devotion to high purposes on the part of the individual, a new and better condition would obtain, and much of the odium and disgrace which is heaped upon the entire mass, on account of the misconduct of a few, would vanish from public view.

THE ATLANTA MOB SPIRIT.

There is no excuse for lawlessness in a civilized community. Many of our friends are distressed on account of outbreaks frequently occurring in the Southern states. When it is understood that a large element of the white population of the South are still ignorant, shiftless, and entertain low ethical ideals, and that these people have declared after long pre-meditation that the Negro is an inferior being, it need not surprise our friends that this element should become envious, and at times revolt because the intelligent and thrifty Negro nails the lie on their vulgar lips.

The Negroes of Georgia have accumulated during the past 45 years something over \$30,000,000 worth of property, and in no community perhaps in the entire land are Negroes demonstrating industrial, social and ethical efficiency so well as they are doing in the city of Atlanta. In Atlanta there are successful professional men in law and medicine. There are drug stores, dry goods stores, grocery stores, shoe shops, eating houses, boarding houses, hotels, churches, schools, and a large number of colleges for the higher training of the race. The culture, refinement, and general intelligence of the Negroes of Atlanta will compare favorably with the best people of any similar community. The shiftless, irresponsible and ignorant whites who make up the mob and spread the mob spirit are constantly picking quarrels with enterprising Negroes in order that they may have some excuse for carrying out the dictates of depraved and lawless ambition.

The recent outbreak in Atlanta has the flimsiest sort of an excuse. In the first place there is no evidence that Negroes have committed the outrages of which they were accused, and the greatest injustice was done innocent men and women who had nothing whatever to do with the alleged crimes, or any knowledge of the criminals. And this aspect is so shocking that our souls burn with intense anxiety for the future welfare of our race throughout the South. It seems so inexcusable that innocent men should suffer for the guilty simply because they are black men. Would it be correct to assail President Charles W. Elliot of Harvard University because a white man robbed a bank in Cambridge, or hold him responsible? Would it be the proper thing to mob the president of the National Shawmut Bank because some white monster was so cruel as to mutilate a woman's body in one of the narrow streets of the North End? If there could be no excuse for such action on the part of mobs in the case of white people, where is the shadow of an excuse to be found when it comes to the case of innocent and defenceless Negroes?

It is fortunate that throughout the South there are a great number of white people who are as much distressed and shocked by these outrages as are the best thinking people of the North. These people represent the professional and business class in every community of the South. They appreciate the value of Negro labor as being responsible for the progress of the South, and they are willing to protect their interests at all hazards. The one redeeming feature of the outbreak in Atlanta is found in the fact that over 300 men representing all the business interests of Atlanta condemned as a reflection on the best spirit of Atlanta, the entire proceeding. Again, yellow journalism was held justly responsible for the outbreak and was vehemently condemned by these broad-minded and liberal men.

A TRIBUTE TO BERKSHIRE

BY ADA BAYTOP

Miss Ada Baytop of Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Va., spent the summer with Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Baker, of Pittsfield, Mass. During her stay in Pittsfield she wrote the following beautiful poem which was published in the Pittsfield Eagle:

Guarded safe by God's blue hills,
Watered by a thousand rills,
Fanned by many a fragrant breeze,
Scented by the forest trees,
Sunlit valleys, slopes of green,
Views of river's winding sheen,
While the curling smoke reveals
Homes the curving slope conceals.

Greylock's striped back of stone
Carries Heaven's arch alone;
Mountain lakes as mirrors true
Lie reflecting Heaven's blue,—
This is Berkshire—never land
Could be more surpassing grand;
Beauteous in site and plan
Noble home for noble man.

Underneath the arching sky,
Like a gem doth Pittsfield lie;
Flashing back from setting green
Varied scenes of shade and sheen.
Is it strange that Sol on high
Drives his chariot slowly by,
When such beauty meets his gaze,
And sends down his warmest rays?

Though such views of beauty rare
Crown old Berkshire everywhere,
Though each sunlit verdant dale
Rivals "classic Tempe's vale";
Not for hills with verdure crowned
Is old Berkshire's name renowned,
But her sons and daughters fair
Are her glory everywhere.

Steadfast as their native hills,
Willing as their mountain rills,
Strong, courageous, brave and true
As old Berkshire's sky of blue,

Priests of mountain spirits shrine,
Vestals bearing sacred wine,—
These, her children, form the crown
That betokens her renown.

When one stroke of Lincoln's pen
Made four million slaves free men,
When through clouds of battle smoke
Freedom's glorious sunlight broke;
Then old Berkshire heard the call
From the weak against the wall
Not for sword, but book and pen,
Noble women, noble men.

That old Berkshire answered well,
Hampton School alone can tell.
General Armstrong's bride so fair
First breathed Berkshire's bracing
air.

Pittsfield's son for many years
Shared the Negro's hopes and fears,
Made the Negro sons of toll
Masters of the stubborn soil.

Of that consecrated band
Scattered o'er the wide Southland,
Many now have met their God,
Gone from labor to reward.
Still the mantle falls upon
Berkshire's noble yeoman son;
Still her daughter's queenly grace
Fills the sainted teacher's place.

Thou, O Berkshire, hast in need
Been a trusted friend indeed.
Thou hast given of thy best,
Gifts that God has truly blessed.
If I had Apollo's lyre
Strains melodious to inspire,
I would sing in sweetest lays
Thy rich meed of love and praise.

But in place of ancient lyres,
Gratitude these lines inspires.
Poor, imperfect though they be,
Please accept these lines from me.
May thy children ever stand
Staunch for Truth in every land;
May thy name forever be
Synonym of Liberty.

The Michigan Co-Operative League.

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER

The objects of the Michigan Co-operative League must appeal to every loyal citizen of the state as being worthy of the fullest endorsement. Here are the objects as set forth by the League: "To encourage a high moral, physical, educational and industrial standard, and to persuade each individual to live up to his full responsibility of citizenship, and to demand a restraint of crime and criminals." These objects were, during the past few years, set forth in abstract philosophical speeches without the sort of application calculated to bring about tangible results. Great meetings would be held from time to time and the best known men in public life would set forth the benefit and the dignity of patriotic citizenship, and the people who listened would applaud and grow hoarse with yelling and expressing their approval of the orator's sentiments. But when the meeting was over, every man and woman lined up in the same old conventional way and marched on to uncertain destiny. At Kalamazoo, in 1903, Battle Creek in 1904, Detroit in 1905, the conventions were held and thousands were affected by the influence. But "The Black Man's borrowed day of joy" came when the League met at Niles in August, 1906. For at this meeting a new spring to material advancement for the entire race in the state of Michigan was opened. It is gushing forth today with such brilliancy and such freedom that men who have not heretofore given much attention to the Negro are now taking notice. At this Niles Convention a new purpose and perhaps greater objects absorbed the attention of the state officers; Francis H. Warren, President; Oscar W. Baker, Vice-president; T. W. Taylor, Treasurer; W. R. Roberts, Secretary, and Wilmot A. Johnson, chairman Executive Committee. These with other progressive citi-

zens discovered or realized that the Negro people needed homes in decent localities and amid helpful environment, and these men started with a capital stock of \$30,000 the Michigan Co-operative Realty Co. (Limited) having as its chief purpose the building of homes and the purchasing of desirable property for members of the race.

The opportunity here offered the thrifty and industrious citizens is practical and far-reaching. The most conservative investment men can make is in real estate. Indeed it is regarded everywhere as the only absolutely safe investment, and since this splendid company is supported by the best and most representative men of the race in the state—men who have the implicit confidence of the masses—it is certain to prove a great success. Shares are for sale at \$10, and since the books of the company were opened these shares have been sold rapidly and the people are rapidly learning to appreciate the importance of home-getting.

This great movement is designed for the betterment of the race throughout the state. The officers and members of this organization are representative in the highest degree. Such men and women as John W. Allen, W. R. Roberts, Oscar W. Baker, Charles Fred Allen, T. W. Taylor, Wilmot A. Johnson, Wm. H. Howard, Fred W. Ernst, James H. Hayes, John Harrod, Michael Park, George Cole, S. J. Craig, W. H. Broadnax, Fred William, W. Wendell Gaskin, W. W. Ferguson, Andrew Dungey, George Williams, Mrs. Lucy Wilson, Mrs. Bertha Williams, and Hon. Francis H. Warren have control of the organization. The Hon. Francis H. Warren, editor and publisher of "The Detroit Informer," is the president of the organization. He is one of the most progressive and esteemed citizens of the state.

Not at Niles, however, but at Lansing, Mich., Sept. 4th, the Michigan Co-operative League really authorized the organization of a Realty Company with a capital stock of \$30,000. Mr. W. P. Q. Bird, secretary of the League offered amendment to article 2, section 6 of the constitution of that organization to authorize local leagues to enter into and conduct commercial enterprises, which was unanimously adopted. The constitution having been thus amended, the Hon. Francis H. Warren, chairman of

amount was paid in at the organization of the company September 4th. Before November 28th it is expected that the entire capital stock will be taken up.

It is felt by our people in Michigan that it is absolutely necessary that the best men and women of the race co-operate for the benefit of the masses and that such organizations as the one which was given birth at Lansing, are absolutely necessary to the best interest of all. The company was completed by the selection



MR. T. W. TAYLOR,
Howell, Mich.

the meeting, submitted the plan for the Realty Company, authorized by the Niles Convention, and after a few minor changes in the proposed By-laws, the form was adopted and ordered complete. It is reported to us that so practical is the movement regarded by white capitalists of the state, and especially of the city of Detroit that one prominent citizen offered to take 500 shares of the company's capital stock, if so much would be allowed to an individual. But fortunately the Negroes throughout the state have taken such an enthusiastic interest in the work of the Realty Company that the capital stock of \$30,000 has practically all been taken up. Ten percent of the



MISS FREDA CURTIS,
Niles, Mich.

of the following Board of Managers: Francis H. Warren, Detroit, President; T. W. Taylor, Howell, Treasurer; Rev. W. P. Q. Bird, Lansing, Secretary; Andrew Dungey and J. W. Allen, Lansing, Managers. All subscriptions to the stock of the company and all communications and drafts, checks, post office money orders, etc., should be addressed and made payable to the Michigan Co-operative Realty Company, (Limited), Lansing, Mich., care of the Rev. W. P. Q. Bird, Secretary.

The chief business office of the company is located in Detroit, where the company has already commenced operations. Again, Detroit offers a

splendid field for the operation of just such an enterprise and profitable investments may be made on every hand in that thickly populated municipality. Fortunately two members of the Board of Managers are contractors and builders, one is a manufacturer, another an educated minister, while still another is a real estate dealer of considerable reputation.

The following committee on the revision of the constitution of the Michigan Co-operative League did wisely in creating the Realty Company: T. W. Taylor, Livingstone

Niles Entertainment Committee is a court and commercial stenographer of much ability, and is probably the only lady Notary Public in the state. Office, Metropolitan Hotel, Niles, Mich.

Mr. Andrew Dungey, Lansing, Mich., second vice-president and also one of the Board of Managers of the Michigan Realty Co. (Limited), is one of the leading contractors and builders of Lansing. He employs a large force of men the year round, and has built several fine houses at Collegeville, near the M. A. C., and in every part of the city of Lansing, and is



MR. ANDREW DUNGEY,
Lansing, Mich.



MR. W. R. ROBERTS,
Lansing, Mich.

county, chairman; Oscar W. Baker, Bay; William S. Miller, Ingham; William R. Roberts, Van Buren; W. Wendell Gaskin, Lenawee; John J. Adams, Kent; Robert C. Barnes, Wayne; Nathan Dason, Eaton; Green Allen, Cass; Harrison Tillman, Kalamazoo; John J. Evans, Calhoun; Robert J. Willis, Wayne; Charles E. Handy, Genesee; John Harrod, Berrien; Rev. James D. Carrothers, Van Buren.

Following are brief sketches of the men and women who are enthusiastic supporters of the company: Miss Freda Curtis, Niles, Mich., of the

owner of several fine residences in Lansing.

Mr. T. W. Taylor, Howell, Mich., treasurer of Michigan Co-operative League also Michigan Co-operative Realty Co., (Limited), sculptor and maker of fine wax figures for show windows, conducts a large mail order Hair Business, carrying the largest and most complete line of hair goods in this country for colored people. Also manufacturer of hair switches and wigs of every description.

Hon. Francis H. Warren, Detroit, Mich., president of Michigan Co-operative League also president of Mich-

igan Realty Co. (Limited), editor and publisher of "The Detroit Informer," head of the Real Estate firm of Warren and Warren, and one of the most successful men in the state. He is a true defender of the race.

Mr. W. R. Roberts, Lansing, Mich., secretary Michigan Co-operative League, graduated with highest honors from the Lawrence High School, Van Buren Co., and was valedictorian of his class. Mr. Roberts is an ex-



MR. JOHN HARROD,
Niles, Mich.

pert penman and crayon artist; for two years he was the executive clerk and secretary of state department at Lansing.

Mr. John H. Harrod, Niles, Mich., chairman Executive Board, Michigan Co-operative League, is proprietor of the Metropolitan Hotel. He is an extensive dealer in real estate, and is president of Berrien Co. Progress Club No. 1.

Oscar W. Baker, Bay City. Mr. Baker is an attorney and counselor-at-law and a graduate of the University of Michigan. Mr. Baker has a fine practice and has risen a self-made man.

Hon. W. W. Ferguson, Detroit, Editor of "Our Neighbor," one of the brightest monthly magazines of the

United States. It is cosmopolitan in its character and is a magazine of pure thought and purpose, striving always for right and justice. The editor is a successful professional man and is doing his share to help the race.

Fred Williams of Detroit is secretary of the Wayne County Co-operative league. He is employed as a clerk in the Wayne county treasurer's office, Detroit, Mich.

George Cole, Detroit. Mr. Cole is one of the thriftiest business men of the community, and is owner of some of the largest moving vans in the city and a very large express business in connection.

Charles Fred Allen, Cass County, is a young man of sterling qualities; assistant secretary of the Michigan Co-operative league, and at present a clerk in the auditor-general's department at Lansing.

W. H. Broadnax, Detroit, is proprietor of Fredonia Hotel, centrally located, corner St. Antoine and Beacon streets. European and American plan.

James H. Hayes, Detroit, member and representative from Wayne county. Proprietor and manager of the Union league of Detroit, the oldest organization of its kind in Wayne county. Headquarters of the celebrated Finney orchestra.

Fred W. Ernst, Detroit. Fred W. Ernst was born in Port-au-Prince, Hayti, May 11th, 1863; is one of Detroit's prominent business men, and has charge of the carpet department in the store of Summerfield & Hecht, which is the largest of its kind in the state.

George Williams, Niles, one of the coming young men of Berrien county.

S. J. Craig, Eaton Rapids. Mr. S. J. Craig was for years one of the leading barbers of Adrian. Disposing of his business there, he was appointed to a position in the department of state at Lansing, in which position he continued for eight years.

Mrs. Bertha Williams, Niles, one of the lady managers of the Wimadossie club, who, with the assistance of Mrs. James Wilson, Miss Marie Washington, Mrs. Cora Harrod, Mrs. Anna Finley, Mrs. Cora Wilson and Mrs. Cassius Galt, helped to make the Niles convention a success.

Mrs. Lucy Wilson, Niles, one of the leading members of the celebrated Wimadossie club, Niles, Mich., who with her coterie of handsome ladies, among whom are Mrs. Lottie Moss, Miss Freda Curtis, Miss Mabel Finley, Mrs. Geo. Washington, entertained the host of strangers during the Niles convention of the League.

Michael Park, Detroit, is one of the most progressive and energetic young business men of Detroit. He is the proprietor of the finest and best private "club" ("The Iroquois Club") west of New York city and east of Chicago, complete in every particular—parlor, library, bath, bar and private card rooms.

Wilmot A. Johnson, Detroit, chairman of Michigan Co-Operative League executive board; clerk in the auditor-general's department, Lansing. Publisher of James Madison Bell's poetical works, vividly describing all the important historical epochs of the race in America, including "The Black Man's Wrongs," "The Dawn of Liberty," "The Day and the War," "The Progress and Triumph of Liberty," "The Future of America," etc.

Wm. H. Howard, Detroit, one of Detroit's leading colored business men. Funeral director and embalmer. Private mortuary funeral parlor.

W. Wendell Gaskin, Adrian, is one of the foremost penmen of our country. He is best known as the "wizard penman." For one year he was professor of penmanship in the National Business and Correspondence College of Vincennes, Ind.

John W. Allen, Lansing, is a contractor and builder. Built over forty houses in the last two years. He is the owner of six houses and lots, and his own residence is one of the most complete and up-to-date in the city.

We have published these brief sketches to show how varied are the occupations of our men in the cities of Michigan. They are making money at all sorts of labor. Special attention might be called to Mr. T. W. Taylor of Howell, Mich., who manufactures Wax Figures. He is truly an artist and his work is of a very high order. The work which these

men are doing helps to dignify our problem in the eyes of the American public and secures to us a safe place in the body politic.

THERE AND HERE.

Bow is a Good Dog; and so is Wow

R. M. S., "Saxonia."

On "The Banks," with half a N. E. gale blowing.

Tuesday, Sept. 11, 1906.

Just a week ago your correspondent came aboard this good royal mail ship with the best possible intentions, intentions of telling you circumstantially about another scoot he had in the blessed "Bubble," and —

But, right here he has to explain, and apologize for his calling "her" (motor, automobile, bubble; call her what you will, and with any amount of "appropriate epitaphs"!) blessed.

Lilla! dear Lilla! That was what Phyllis settled she should be called; and, if that isn't enough by way of explanation and apology, "the present writer" has nothing more to say; except perhaps that Lilla and her brother and sisterhood have come to stay, and that it is up to those of us therefore who love them to make them tolerable to the eyes and noses of those others who "have no use for" them!

And surely the Spirit of the Times will do much to help us. It is only fifteen years since most of us, not only the old-fogey part of us, either—were heartily agreeing with our dear old Autocrat of the Breakfast Table in cursing the electric car, under the name of the "Broomstick Train"; and declaring that we wouldn't travel in it because it played the devil with our watches! And now? ! ! !

But that's enough about land-locomotion for the present. Maybe Phyllis will give you an account of one of the joyful trips that Lilla gave her and one of her friends of the same sex later on; but, for the present, let us return to ocean trips; "then and now."

What is it on the Cunarder of the present day that you boys and girls of the 20th century have to miss, which, to us girls and boys of forty years ago was so delightful? Why, the

grateful steadying of the ship by the setting of the sail, when the wind chopped round to a conducive quarter, as it has this morning, and the cheery song of the sailor men as they "hailed the main down." Well, you can't have everything! And you may comfort yourselves with the thought that though the masts, sticking up out of the mailship of the present day, serve only to lower merchandise and baggage into the hold or yank them out of the same, the throbbing engines which now do all the work get you to "the haven where you would be" in half the time, and with a quarter of the seasickness.

About the latter, though, I am not so sure. A man I know, who has been so seasick in his day that on one occasion he couldn't make the exertion required to get a poor fellow suffering badly from d. t. taken out of the stateroom which they two were occupying, declares that more than half the battle depends on companionship. He is a Briton, and he tells how, on his first trip to the United States, he was kept from abject seasickness and enabled to keep his head up nearly all the passage by an energetic little friend (himself a good sailor) who first dosed him with a pint of dry champagne poured on to a couple of whipped-up eggs and then trotted him up and down the deck in half a gale of wind till he got his sea legs.

But today, as we bowl along over the second half of the Banks with a strong dry northeaster helping us, and, sailless though we are, making us pretty safe to enter Boston Bay the day after tomorrow, very few passengers remain below; the skipping ropes are busy on the steerage deck, and on the upper decks passengers who two days ago were clinging to "the seclusion which the cabin grants" are now tramping up and down, and leaning over the bulwarks from time to time to take in the full beauty of the iridescent fragments of foam-bow, which are scattering themselves over the deep blue of the trough of the sea, from the tops of the laughing waves.

S. S. "Saxonia," Thursday,
Sept. 13, 1906, 6 a. m.

That lively blow from the northeast did send us along, though we had no wings; for, at midday yesterday it was declared that we had made the best run the voyage (362 miles) during the preceding 24 hours; and by the same token, with a calm sea ever since, we have just taken on our pilot, and shall scarcely have had our last breakfast on board before steaming past Boston lighthouse.

And nothing has so far been said to justify the heading of this article! Nothing to point out the difference between "There" (Old England) and "Here" (New England), nothing to show why those two old sea dogs, Father John and Uncle Sam, can fairly be said to be good.

Well, then, to begin with that last averment. They are each of them good, because in the main they do mean going straight, and, in spite of their arrogance and pig-headedness, they are kind-hearted enough when not crossed, are distinctly not "dogs in the manger," and last not least, they have more of that inestimable gift of horse-sense than any civilized race west of Japan.

And next, as to the difference between people and things, There and Here—for this is certainly great and various, albeit any cockney not imprisoned in his backbone may feel himself at home in Boston, and any Bostonian no longer provincial may be absolutely so in the city where Shakespeare wrote and adapted and acted!

In the first place, you can never get a New Englander to understand (let alone feel) what is meant by the "loyalty to the throne," which a Briton feels so strongly, even when the occupant for the time being of that august chair is not otherwise estimable.

Neither can the said New Englander bring home to himself how it comes to pass that a person who is unable to accept the thirty-nine articles of an Established Church should be considered from that fact alone, not perhaps absolutely wicked, but (what in the dear old country is much more disastrous) "bad form."

But here we are running up the well-beloved Boston Bay, and I must stop, for fear of the Custom House officers confiscating all these heresies, which come so naturally to

Yours truly,

DAVID MAC JON.

TWENTIETH CENTURY CIVILIZATION

In one of the townships of this country there was a large apple orchard in which all the citizens were equally interested.

In the middle of the village, side by side, there were two schools for boys; one of them attended by the sons of the citizens, who were cultivated people, or of their relatives of equal culture living in other parts of the country. For these latter a boarding house within the grounds of the school was provided.

The boys at the other school came of rough and not-long-civilized parents who lived at a distance. They were provided with board and lodging, both of a rather coarse and insufficient kind; and, as they inherited an undue regard for their food, a few of the lowest and most reckless of them stole the apples from that orchard, boldly and brutally.

Some of the boys at the first named school, both town boys and boarders, ate a great many of the town apples, but they knew enough to obtain them by bribing the help of their boarding house, and through them the laborers in the orchard and its guardians.

Now, for some time past the citizens of that township had become very impatient of having the uncultured school in their midst, and it would have been removed, had not

their forefathers given it a charter, which made its removal impossible. So the selfish and thoughtless among them did all they could by unkind means to suppress its boys in various ways, and to keep them from improving; and soon, knowing that all their fellow-citizens were interested in the apples, they made the robbery of these by a few of the bad and most ignorant of the scholars, the excuse for insisting that the good and cultured boys of that school, who were many, would all steal apples if they could; and they succeeded in persuading a majority of their fellow-citizens to pass a law that any boy caught in the act of stealing apples should be beaten and tortured and sent away to a far country.

The result of this was, that when the next apple season came the worst and greediest boys of that boarding school were made more reckless than ever in their robbery, some indifferent ones who up to that time had had no thought of stealing had it put into their heads, and the good and kind ones wondered what the school-master was about, and whether this was really the twentieth century of Christianity.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

FROM THE BOSTON HERALD

In this iniquitous, horrible massacre at Atlanta, Georgia, has reaped only what it has diligently sown for a long term of years and especially during the last year. It is not the first, and it will not be the last, reasonable and necessary consequence of a constant inculcation of race prejudices and the practice of social, legal and un-Christian wrong. They tell us that the mob which went about the business of indiscriminate murder of Negroes regardless of all considerations of guilt or innocence was largely composed of boys and young men. Naturally it was. The youth of Georgia have been systematically taught to hate Negroes, to rob Negroes, to oppress Negroes, to

cheat Negroes of their rights as citizens and to murder Negroes. The office of a large portion of the press and politicians, and, we fear, of the pulpit, too, is to increase scorn and embitter the relations between the races which in the providence of God are living together, must live together, and to create a sentiment that the only safe condition of association is that of master and slave, the master having as aforesaid unregulated liberty of oppression and full license to murder offending slaves without being answerable to any law framed to secure the equal rights of all.

We would be among the last to offer any condonation of the alleged offences against virtuous white women by criminal Negroes, or, for that matter, against virtuous Negro women by criminal white men. If we read our Bible aright God is no respecter of person, and holds a lecherous white man in no more esteem than a lecherous Negro. But the primal instinct of human nature and the lesson of experience shows that the punishment of the innocent for the crimes of the guilty does not discourage crime. Why should it? If virtue be no protection what is the use of right living? We read in the southern newspapers that idleness is the cause of the vicious tendencies of many Negroes. But this Atlanta mob entered a barber's shop and beat to death two Negroes who were industriously at work serving their customers. The crime of the Negroes is not idleness, but their color. Being Negroes they have no rights which white hoodlums who are "out for blood" are bound to respect. For a year past the people of Atlanta and all southern people have been steadily instructed by its newspapers that no matter how honest, intelligent or industrious a Negro may be he must not be permitted to vote or hold office; he must be subject to laws made by a hostile race; he must be an uncomplaining, enduring and helpless atom of the population with no right to exercise the more honorable privileges of citizenship.

In considering this outbreak of malignity, it is necessary to remember that Atlanta is governed by its white

citizens. They make the laws, they enforce them, they control the courts of justice. The Negroes are impotent. When we read, as we do in countless southern newspapers, that it is the duty of the Negro race to aid the legal authorities in the discovery and punishment of the criminals of their race, we are compelled to ask what assurance they have that the alleged criminals will have a fair trial at the hands of the administrators of the law? It is not quite fair to ask them to surrender members of their race to be murdered without trial and proof of guilt. All these fine exhortations have a hollow seeming in view of the practical impossibility of obtaining from white men testimony that will convict one of them of participation in lynching a black man, although hundreds have knowledge of it.

The Negro is under no greater obligation than the white man to aid in the enforcement of justice by the courts. When the murderers in the Georgia mob of last Saturday are delivered up to trial, convicted by the testimony of white men, and are punished adequately, we shall be more disposed to second the demand that the Negroes shall cease to shield their own criminals, whether suspected or known. Negroes are not more blameworthy than the other race for reluctance to give up one of their number, and especially when they have reason to suppose he will not have a fair trial, or have no trial at all, but be cruelly murdered on suspicion. Those who would have justice must do justice, whether they are white or black. The white race does not exhibit itself in a commendable light, condemning Negroes for imitating their own example in defeating the apprehension and just punishment of wrongdoers. The law in order to be respected must be equally just to all who are subject to it.

These are some of the reflections that the lawless proceeding in Atlanta has suggested. There are many more that might be presented. This dreadful thing has come to pass as the result of a long course of race injustice. As we have said, it does not stand alone, and we greatly fear it will not be the last of its kind.

Prof. W. H. Council, Ph.D. Educator, Orator

(SEE FRONTISPIECE)

W. H. COUNCILL was born in Fayetteville, N. C., in 1848, and was carried to Alabama by the slave traders in 1857, through the famous Richmond Slave Pen. In Alabama he worked in the fields with the other slaves. He is a self-made man, having had only a few school advantages. He attended one of the first schools opened for the freedman by kind Northern friends, at Stevenson, Ala., in 1865. Here he remained about three years, and this is the basis of his education. He has been a close and earnest student ever since, often spending much of the night in study. He has collected quite an excellent library, and the best books of the best masters are his constant companions, as well as a large supply of best current literature. By private instruction and almost incessant study, he gained a fair knowledge of some of the languages, higher mathematics, and the sciences. He was Chief Enrolling Clerk of the Alabama House of Representatives in 1872-4. He was appointed by President Grant Receiver of the Land Office for the Northern District of Alabama in 1875.

He was founder and editor of the *Huntsville Herald*, from 1877 to 1884. He founded the great educational institution, NORMAL, of which he is President, and has been for over thirty years. He read law and was admitted to the Supreme Court of Alabama in 1883. But he has never left the profession of teaching for a day for any other position, although flattering political positions have been held out to him. He has occupied high positions in church and other religious, temperance, and charitable organizations, and has no mean standing as a public speaker both in the United States and England.

Prof. Council has traveled quite extensively in Europe, and was warmly received and entertained by the Hon. W. E. Gladstone and his Majesty, King, Leopold, of Belgium.

And thus by earnest toil, self-denial, hard study, he has made himself, built up one of the largest institutions in the South, and educated scores of young people at his own expense.

Prof. Council is proud to be known as a friend to Africa. He is co-operating with Bishop Turner in the redemption and civilization of that continent. NORMAL, under Prof. Council, is educating native Africans for this purpose. He has received the degree of Ph. D. from Morris Brown College.



THE LLOYD LIBRARY

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER

When we were in Cincinnati, Ohio, some years ago, we had the pleasure of visiting the great Lloyd library, one of the most unique institutions of the kind in the United States, indeed, in the world. This library contains manuscripts and rare books of incalculable value. Dr. John Uri Lloyd and his brother Mr. Curtis Gates Lloyd are responsible for this now world-famous ornament to their great city. All Cincinnati is justly proud of the Lloyd Brothers whose business career and whose usefulness is everywhere recognized.

Distinct recognition of the worth of the Lloyd Library comes unexpectedly from a high source in the scientific world. The tribute in value is accompanied by a most substantial gift that will not only increase the possibilities of the library, but make it the possessor of a rare collection which any scientific institution in the world would benefit by owning.

It has just been made public that in the will of the late Surgeon-General James Pattison Walker of England a clause gives to the Lloyd Library a fund of \$30,000, and, what is far more valuable than the cash bequest, the entire library owned by the distinguished surgeon and student-scientist. Gen. Walker's collection of books and manuscripts is known to scientific men as one of the most valuable private collections in the world.

Its worth cannot be measured by money, for money could not purchase it or duplicate what was gathered in a long life of studious research. The gift, which has been made known to Dr. John Uri Lloyd, is the most noteworthy because of the high reputation of the donor, who, like many other students, have known of the usefulness of the library although he has never been within thousands of miles of Cincinnati. Like all things accom-

plishing great works, the Lloyd Library has hidden its accomplishments behind a wall of modesty and in consequence comparatively few Cincinnatians are aware of the existence of an institution that carries the name of the city to all parts of the civilized globe.

The bequest from Gen. Walker states the purpose of the \$30,000 fund which is to go to the Lloyd Library. The fund is bequeathed to Curtis G. Lloyd as trustee and is to be used for the purpose of securing qualified experts to make original investigations and literary compilations in the direction of the practice of medicine and pharmacy.

Conspicuous in the work in investigation is to be a study of specific actions of medicines, the restrictions in this direction being that the work is to be confined to the clinical side of medicine, and not to be theoretical. The details of the provisional investigations are laid down in the will of the late Dr. Walker, and will be made public when the library is installed in its new home. A copy of the will has been received by Dr. Lloyd.

Dr. Walker died in April at his home in Earlsmead, Clacton-on-the-Sea, in the county of Essex, England. He was a man of great character and an able and distinguished scholar. He was eighty-six years old at his death, and for many years he was surgeon-general of the Bengal army, serving during the mutiny and in the numerous campaigns of the British army in India since that time.

During the whole of his service in India and until his death he devoted himself largely to literary work. He was an omnivorous reader, and amassed a large and valuable library. He kept voluminous notes on various subjects, which were arranged and indexed with remarkable care. He never

engaged in original research, but was an indefatigable compiler.

The Lloyd library is a scientific collection, the only one of its kind in America, and embodies the outcome of the lives of its founders, John Uri Lloyd and Curtis Gates Lloyd. It is devoted to botany, pharmacy, materia medica and allied sciences. The herbarium is very large, the micological department, or museum, containing more authentic specimens in the field it embodies than all other museums in the world combined. This library is incorporated, is free to the public, and is pledged to be devoted, intact, to science, although its final resting place, when the life work of its builders is completed, has not yet been selected. To its shelves the scholars of the world now turn for information, and in its rooms the American scientists concerned in special studies now devote much of their time.

Here will be placed the magnificent library of the late Surgeon-General Walker of England, who, without any previous correspondence concerning the subject of the bequest, has placed the result of his lifetime of labor, together with the endowment of \$30,000, to continue his work.

THE PARLIAMENT OF MAN.

The morn is in the east,
The moon is in the deep,
The night of hate has ceased,
The tempest is asleep.

Lands shall be linked to lands,
Long severed by the seas,
Each clasp magnetic hands,
Ere canvas claps the breeze.

Deep beneath forbidding tides,
Friendship of the nations rides,
Love along the cable calls,
And the hand of hatred falls.

Ere another moon shall wane,
Shall the Saxon, Swede and Dane,
Wake an English federation's steep-
ing morn;

Where the mighty ocean wide,
Rocks the cradle of the tide,
Shall the Parliament of Nations yet
be born.

Then shall Holland's hollow land
Feel Australia's gentle hand,
And America, the glory of the west,
Shall become the happy bride,
And the German heart of pride
Shall forever beat within its ocean
breast.

Enchanting love, whose motion wakes
the fire,
That slumbers 'neath the hearth of
deep desire,
And kindles joys that sleep beneath
the dew,
You light the path that smooths my
way to you,
Whose mellow eyes beam with a
liquid light
And change sweet hope into a sweeter
sight.

Launching and Landing.
New Salem, Mass.

REPOSE.

There is a rest that burdened hearts
may know,
When sore, the beat against their
prison walls,
A place where beauty's blissful waters
flow,
And joy's bright sheen arises from
their falls.

That place is sheltered by the forest's
shade,
Amid the oak and maple of the will,
Where springs of wimpling waters
long have played,
And where suspicion's whispered
breath is still.

Upon those rocks no breath of slander
beats,
The swaying boughs bend not with
hatred's breath,
Nor storm of human passion there re-
peats
The thunder echoes of that voice of
death.

But in that sweet repose the mantled
monarch lies,
With robes of rest wrapt round him
in his sleep,
Till gentle dawn doth touch his placid
eyes,
When dusk and night no more their
vigils keep,

The monarch mind left grief and torture torn,
There wears the wind, which yester's wrath had worn.

Perry Marshall.

New Salem, Mass.

DOWN INTO THE DUST.

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart? that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.
God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.
Were it not well in this brief little journey
On over the Isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in the dust at his side?
Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain,
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain,
Shamed by the beast that go down on the plain.
Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow soldier down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble
All of us together like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed down into the dust.

Joaquin Miller.

JUST FOR TO-DAY LET US LIVE.

One secret of sweet and happy living is in learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us. We think of life as a whole, running on for years and it seems too great for us. We cannot carry this load until we are three score and ten. We cannot fight this battle continually for half a century. But really there are no long stretches. Life does not come to us in lifetimes; it only comes a day at a time. Even to-morrow is never ours until it becomes to-day, and we have nothing whatever to do with it but to pass down to it a fair and good inheritance in to-day's work well done, and to-day's life well lived.

LOSING SELF IN THE LARGER LIFE.

By James H. West.

Let none believe he gains the spirit's goal
Whose prayer is for his individual soul;
Nor that his earthly bread is more than stone
Whose millwheels rumble for himself alone.
He highest "prospers" whose intents are high,
Not bounded by the bounds of "thou" and "I";
He noblest joys who works with Nature's good,
Evolving harmony where chaos stood;
Who holds the universe a Cosmos sound,
And finds his freedom being nobly bound:
Who does his part to banish ill from earth,
Transforming ignorance to art and mirth;
Who asks no cup at Nature's fruitful fair
Which others may not quaff in equal share;
Who dreams no heaven of arbitrary grace,
But makes his fellowship the human race.
'Tis he I hail as manly man and true;
His knowledge fits him for time's widest view;
Philosophy indeed instructs his life—
He gains its blessings and avoids its strife.

The Tragedy of Color.

BY H. G. WELLS.

(From Harper's Weekly.)

Harsh Judgments.

I seem to find the same hastiness and something of the same note of harshness that strike me in the cases of MacQueen and Gorky in America's treatment of her colored population. I am aware how intricate, how multitudinous, the aspects of this enormous question have become; but looking at in the broad and transitory manner I have proposed for myself in these papers, it does seem to present many parallel elements. There is the same disposition toward an indiscriminating verdict, the same disregard of proportion as between small evils and great ones, the same indifference to the fact that the question does not stand alone, but is a part, and this time a by no means small part, in the working out of America's destinies.

In relation to the colored population, just as in relation to the great and growing accumulations of unasimilated and increasingly unpopular Jews, and to the great and growing multitudes of Roman Catholics whose special education contradicts at so many points those conceptions of individual judgment and responsibility upon which America relies, I have attempted time after time to get some answer from the Americans I have met to what is to me the most obvious of questions. "Your grandchildren and the grandchildren of these people will have to live in this country side by side; do you propose, do you believe it possible, that they should be living then in just the same relations that you and these people are living now; if you do not, then what relations do you propose shall exist between them?"

It is not too much to say that I have never once had the beginnings of an answer to this question. Usually one

is told with great gravity that the problem of color is one of the most difficult that we have to consider, and the conversation then breaks up into discursive anecdotes and statements about black people. One man will dwell upon the uncontrollable violence of a black man's evil passions (in Jamaica and Barbadoes colored people form an overwhelming proportion of the population, and they have behaved in an exemplary fashion for the last thirty years); another will dilate upon the incredible stupidity of the full-blooded negro (during my stay in New York the prize for oratory at Columbia University, oratory which was the one redeeming charm of Daniel Webster, was awarded to a Zulu of unmitigated blackness); a third will speak of his physical offensiveness, his peculiar smell which necessitates his social isolation (most well-to-do Southerners are brought up by negro "mammies"); others, again, will enter upon the painful history of the years that followed the war, though it seems a foolish thing to let those wrongs of the past dominate the outlook for the future. And one charming Southern lady expressed the attitude of mind of a whole class very completely, I think, when she said, "You have to be one of us to feel this question at all as it ought to be felt."

There, I think, I got something tangible. These emotions are a cult.

My globe-trotting impudence will seem, no doubt, to mount to its zenith when I declare that hardly any Americans at all seem to be in possession of the elementary facts in relation to this question. These broad facts are not taught, as of course they ought to be taught, in school; and what each man knows is picked up by the accidents of his own untrained observation, by conversation always tinctured

by personal prejudice, by hastily read newspapers and magazine articles and the like. The quality of this discussion is very variable, but on the whole pretty low. While I was in New York opinion was very much swayed by an article in, if I remember rightly, the *Century Magazine*, by a gentleman who had deduced from a few weeks' observation in the slums of Khar-toum the entire incapacity of the negro to establish a civilization of his own. He never had, therefore he never could, a discouraging ratiocination. We English, a century ago, said all these things of the native Irish. If there is any trend of opinion at all in this matter at present, it lies in the direction of a generous decision on the part of the North and West to leave the black more and more to the judgment and mercy of the white people with whom he is locally associated. This judgment and mercy points, on the whole, to an accentuation of the colored man's natural inferiority, to the cessation of any other educational attempts than those that increase his industrial usefulness (it is already illegal in Louisiana to educate him above a contemptible level), to his industrial exploitation through usury and legal chicane, and to a systematic strengthening of the social barriers between colored people of whatever shade and the whites.

Meanwhile, in this state of general confusion, in the absence of any determining rules or assumptions, all sorts of things are happening—according to the accidents of local feeling. In Massachusetts you have people with, I am afraid, an increasing sense of sacrifice to principle, lunching and dining with people of color. They do it less than they did, I was told. Massachusetts stands, I believe, at the top of the scale of tolerant humanity. One seems to reach the bottom at Springfield, Missouri, which is a county seat with a college, an academy, a high school, and a zoological garden. There the exemplary method reaches the nadir. Last April three unfortunate negroes were burnt to death, apparently because they were negroes, and as a general corrective of impertinence. They seem

to have been innocent of any particular offence. It was a sort of racial sacrament. The edified Sunday-school children hurried from their gospel-teaching to search for souvenirs among the ashes, and competed with great spirit for a fragment of charred skull.

It is true that in this latter case Governor Folk acted with vigor and justice, and that the better element of Springfield society was evidently shocked when it was found that quite innocent negroes had been used in these instructive pyrotechnics; but the fact remains that a large and numerically important section of the American public does think that fierce and cruel reprisals are a necessary part of the system of relationships between white and colored man. In our dispersed British community we have almost exactly the same range between our better attitudes and our worse—I'm making no claim of national superiority. In London, perhaps, we outdo Massachusetts in liberality; in the National Liberal Club or the Reform a black man meets all the courtesies of humanity—as though there was no such thing as color. But, on the other hand, the Cape won't bear looking into for a moment. The same conditions give the same results; a half-educated white population of British or Dutch or German ingredients greedy for gain, ill controlled and feebly influenced, in contact with a black population, is bound to reproduce the same brutal and stupid aggressions, the same half honest prejudices to justify those aggressions, the same ugly, mean excuses. "Things are better in Jamaica and Barbadoes," said I, in a moment of patriotic weakness, to Mr. Booker T. Washington.

"Eh!" said he, and thought in that long, silent way he has. . . . "They're worse in South Africa—much. Here we've got a sort of light. We know generally what we've got to stand. There—"

His words sent my memory back to some conversations I had quite recently with a man from a dry-goods store in Johannesburg. He gave me clearly enough the attitude of the

common white out there; the dull prejudice; the readiness to take advantage of the "boy"; the utter disrespect for colored womankind; the savage, intolerant resentment, dashed dangerously with fear, when the native raises his head. (Think of all that must have happened in wrongful practice and wrongful law and neglected educational possibilities before our Zulus in Natal were goaded to face massacre, spear against rifle!) The rare and culminating result of education and experience is to enable men to grasp facts, to balance justly among their fluctuating and innumerable aspects, and only a small minority in our world is educated to that pitch. Ignorant people can think only in types and abstractions, can achieve only emphatic absolute decisions, and when the commonplace American or the commonplace colonial Briton sets to work to "think over" the negro problem, he instantly banishes most of the material evidence from his mind—clears for action, as it were. He forgets the genial carriage of the ordinary colored man, his beaming face, his kindly eye, his rich, jolly voice, his touching and trusted friendliness, his amiable, unprejudiced readiness to serve and follow a white man who seems to know what he is doing. He forgets—perhaps he has never seen—the dear humanity of these people, their slightly exaggerated vanity, their innocent and delightful love of color and song, their immense capacity for affection, the warm romantic touch in their imaginations. He ignores the real fineness of the indolence that despises servile toil, of the carelessness that disdains the watchful aggressive economics, day by day, now a wretched little gain here and now a wretched little gain there, that make the dirty fortune of the Russian Jews who prey upon color in the Carolinas. No; in the place of all these amiable every-day experiences he lets his imagination go to work upon a monster, the "real nigger."

"Ah! You don't know the real nigger," said one American to me when I praised the colored people I had seen. "You should see the buck nig-

ger down South, Congo brand. Then you'd understand, sir."

His voice, his face had a gleam of passionate animosity.

One could see he had been brooding himself out of all relations to reality in this matter. He was a man beyond reason or pity. He was obsessed. Hatred of that imaginary diabolical "buck nigger" blackened his soul. It was no good to talk to him of the "buck American, Packingtown brand," or the "buck Englishman, suburban race-meeting type," and to ask him if these intensely disagreeable persons justified outrages on Senator Lodge, let us say, or Mrs. Longworth. No reply would have come from him. "You don't understand the question," he would have answered. "You don't know how we Southerners feel."

Well, one can make a tolerable guess.

The White Strain.

I certainly did not begin to realize one most important aspect of this question until I reached America. I thought of those eight millions as of men, black as ink. But when I met Mr. Booker T. Washington, for example, I met a man certainly as white in appearance as our Admiral Fisher, who is, as a matter of fact, quite white. A very large proportion of these colored people, indeed, is more than half white. One hears a good deal about the high social origins of the Southern planters, very many derive indisputably from the first families of England. It is the same blood flows in these mixed colored people's veins. Just think of the sublime absurdity, therefore, of the ban. There are gentlemen of education and refinement, qualified lawyers and doctors, whose ancestors assisted in the Norman Conquest, and they dare not enter a car marked "white" and intrude upon the dignity of the rising loan-monger from Esthonia. For them the "Jim Crow" car. . . .

One tries to put that aspect to the American in vain. "These people," you say, "are nearer your blood, nearer your temper, than any of those bright-eyed, ringleted immigrants on the East Side. Are you ashamed of your poor relations? Even if you don't like the

half, or the quarter of negro blood, you might deal civilly with the three-quarters white. It doesn't say much for your faith in your own racial prepotency, anyhow. . . ."

The answer to that is usually in terms of mania.

"Let me tell you a little story just to illustrate," said one deponent to me in an impressive undertone—"just to illustrate, you know. . . . A few years ago a young fellow came to Boston from New Orleans. Looked all right. Dark—but he explained that by an Italian grandmother. Touch of French in him, too. Popular. Well, he made advances to a Boston girl—good family. Gave a fairly straight account of himself. Married."

He paused. "Course of time—offspring. Little son." His eye made me feel what was coming.

"Was it by any chance very, very black?" I whispered.

"Yes, sir. Black! Black as your hat. Absolutely negroid. Projecting jaw, thick lips, frizzy hair, flat nose—everything. . . ."

"But consider the mother's feelings, sir; consider that! A pure-minded, pure white woman!"

What can one say to a story of this sort, when the taint in the blood surges up so powerfully as to blacken the child at birth beyond even the habit of the pure-blooded negro? What can you do with a public opinion made of this class of ingredient? And this story of the lamentable results of intermarriage was used, not as an argument against intermarriage, but as an argument against the extension of quite rudimentary civilities to the men of color. "If you eat with them, you've got to marry them," he said, an entirely fabulous postprandial responsibility.

It is to the tainted whites my sympathies go out. The black or mainly black people seem to be fairly content with their inferiority; one sees them all about the States as waiters, cab-drivers, railway porters, car attendants, laborers of various sorts, a pleasant-smiling, acquiescent folk. But consider the case of a man with a broader brain than such small uses need, conscious, perhaps, of excep-

tional gifts, capable of wide interests and sustained attempts, who is perhaps as English as you or I with just a touch of color in his eyes, in his lips, in his finger-nails and in his imagination. Think of the accumulating sense of injustice he must bear with him through life, the perpetual slight and insult he must undergo from all that is vulgar and brutal among the whites! Something of that one may read in the sorrowful pages of Du Bois's "The Souls of Black Folk." They would have made Alexandre Dumas travel in the Jim Crow car if he had come to Virginia. But I can imagine some sort of protest on the part of that admirable but extravagant man. . . . They even talk of "Jim Crow elevators" now in Southern hotels.

At Hull House in Chicago I was present at a conference of colored people—Miss Jane Addams efficiently in control—to consider the coming of a vexatious play, "The Clansman," which seems to have been written and produced entirely by exacerbate racial feeling. Both men and women were present, business people, professional men, and their wives; the speaking was clear, temperate, and wonderfully to the point, high above the level of any British town council I have ever attended. One lady would have stood out as capable and charming in any sort of public discussion in England—though we are not wanting in good women speakers—and she was at least three-quarters black. . . .

And while I was in Chicago, too, I went to the Peking Theatre—a "coon" music-hall—and saw something of a lower level of colored life. The common white I must explain delights in calling colored people "coons" and the negro so far as I could learn uses no retaliatory word. It was a "variety" entertainment with one turn at least, of quite distinguished merit, good-humored and brisk throughout. I watched keenly, and I could detect nothing of that trail of base suggestion one would find as a matter of course in a music-hall in such English towns as Brighton and Portsmouth. What one heard of kissing and lovemaking was quite artless and simple

indeed. The negro, it seemed to me, did this sort of thing with a better grace and a better temper than a Londoner, and shows, I think, a finer self-respect. He thinks more of deportment, he bears himself more elegantly by far than the white at the same social level. The audience reminded me of the sort of gathering one would find in a theatre in Camden Town or Hoxton. There were a number of family groups, the girls brightly dressed, and young couples quite of the London music-hall type. Clothing ran "smart," but not smarter than it would be among fairly prosperous north London Jews. There was no gallery—socially—no collection of orange-eating, interrupting hooligans at all. Nobody seemed cross, nobody seemed present for vicious purposes, and everybody was sober. Indeed, there and elsewhere I took and confirmed a mighty liking to these gentle, human, dark-skinned people.

Mr. Booker T. Washington.

But whatever aspect I recall of this great taboo that shows no signs of lifting of this great problem of the future that America in her haste, her indiscriminating prejudice, her lack of any sustained study and teaching of the broad issues she must decide, complicates and intensifies, and makes threatening, there presently comes back to mind the browned face of Mr. Booker T. Washington, as he talked to me over our lunch in Boston.

He has a face rather Irish in type, and the soft slow negro voice. He met my regard with the brown sorrowful eyes of his race. He wanted very much that I should hear him make a speech, because then his words came better; he talked, he implied, with a certain difficulty. But I preferred to have his talking, and get not the orator—every one tells me he is an altogether great orator in this country where oratory is still esteemed—but the man.

He answered my questions meditatively, I wanted to know, with an active pertinacity. What struck me most was the way in which his sense of the overpowering forces of race prejudice weighs upon him. It is a thing he accepts; in our time and

conditions it is not to be fought about. He makes one feel with an exaggerated intensity (though I could not even draw him to admit) its monstrous injustice. He makes no accusations. He is for taking it as a part of the present fate of his "people," and for doing all that can be done for them within the limit it sets.

Therein he differs from Du Bois, the other great spokesman, color has found in our time. Du Bois is more of the artist, less of the statesman; he conceals his passionate resentment all too thinly. He batters himself into rhetoric against these walls. He will not repudiate the clear right of the black man to every educational facility, to equal citizenship, and equal respect. But Mr. Washington has statecraft. He looks before and after, and plans and keeps his counsel with the scope and range of a statesman. I use "statesman" in its highest sense; his is a mind that can grasp the situation and destinies of a people. After I had talked to him I went back to my club, and found there an English newspaper with a report of the opening debate upon Mr. Birrell's Education Bill. It was like turning from the discussion of life and death to a dispute about the dregs in the bottom of a teacup somebody had neglected to wash up in Victorian times.

I argued strongly against the view he seems to hold that black and white might live without mingling and without injustice, side by side. That I do not believe. Racial differences seem to me always to exasperate intercourse unless people have been trained to ignore them. Uneducated men are as bad as cattle in persecuting all that is different among themselves. The most miserable and disorderly countries of the world are the countries where two races, two inadequate cultures, keep a jarring, continuous separation. "You must repudiate separation," I said. "No peoples have ever yet endured the tension of intermingled distinctness."

"May we not become a peculiar people—like the Jews?" he suggested. "Isn't that possible?"

But there I could not agree with him. I thought of the dreadful history

of the Jews and Armenians. And the negro cannot do what the Jews and Armenians have done. The colored people of America are of a different quality from the Jew altogether, more genial, more careless, more sympathetic, franker, less intellectual, less acquisitive, less wary and restrained—in a word, more Occidental. They have no common religion and culture, no conceit of themselves to hold them together. The Jews make a ghetto for themselves wherever they go; no law but their own solidarity has given America the East Side. The colored people are ready to disperse and interbreed, are not a community at all in the Jewish sense, but outcasts from a community. They are the victims of a prejudice that has to be destroyed. These things I urged, but it was, I think, empty speech to my hearer. I could talk lightly of destroying that prejudice, but he knew better. It was the central fact of his life, a law of his being. He has shaped all his projects and policy upon that. Exclusion is inevitable. So he dreams of a colored race of decent and inaggressive men silently giving the lie to all the legend of their degradation. They will have their own doctors, their own lawyers, their own capitalists, their own banks—because the whites desire it so. But will the uneducated whites endure even so submissive a vindication as that? Will they suffer the horrid spectacle of free and self-satisfied negroes in decent clothing on any terms without resentment?

He explained how at the Tuskegee Institute they make useful men, skilled engineers, skilled agriculturalists, men to live down the charge of practical incompetence, of ignorant and slovenly farming and house management. . . .

"I wish you would tell me," I said abruptly, "just what you think of the attitude of white America towards you. Do you think it is generous?"

He regarded me for a moment. "No end of people help us," he said.

"Yes," I said; "but the ordinary man. Is he fair?"

"Some things are not fair," he said, leaving the general question alone. "It isn't fair to refuse a colored man

a berth on a sleeping-car. I?—I happen to be a privileged person, they make an exception for me; but the ordinary educated colored man isn't admitted to a sleeping-car at all. If he has to go a long journey, he has to sit up all night. His white competitor sleeps. Then in some places, in the hotels and restaurants—. It's all right here in Boston—but southwardly he can't get proper refreshments. All that's a handicap. . . .

"The remedy lies in education," he said; "ours—and theirs.

"The real thing," he told me, "isn't to be done by talking and agitation. It's a matter of lives. The only answer to it all is for colored men to be patient, to make themselves competent, to do good work, to live well, to give no occasion against us. We feel that. In a way it's an inspiration. . . .

"There is a man here in Boston, a negro, who owns and runs some big stores, employs all sorts of people, deals justly. That man has done more good for our people than all the eloquence or argument in the world. . . . That is what we have to do—it is all we can do. . . ."

Whatever America has to show in heroic living today, I doubt if she can show anything finer than the quality of the resolve, the steadfast effort hundreds of black and colored men are making today to live blamelessly, honorably, and patiently, getting for themselves what scraps of refinement, learning, and beauty they may, keeping their hold on a civilization they are grudging and denied. They do it not for themselves only, but for all their race. Each educated colored man is an ambassador to civilization. They know they have a handicap, that they are not exceptionally brilliant or clever people. Yet every such man stands, one likes to think, aware of his representative and vicarious character, fighting against foul imaginations, misrepresentations, injustice, insult, and the naive unspeakable meannesses of base antagonists. Every one of them who keeps decent and honorable does a little to beat that opposition down.

But the patience the negro needs! He may not even look contempt. He

must admit superiority in those whose daily conduct to him is the clearest evidence of moral inferiority. We sympathetic whites, indeed, may claim honor for him; if he is wise he will be silent under our advocacy. He must go to and fro self-controlled, bereft of all the equalities that the great flag of America proclaims—that flag for whose united empire his people fought and died, giving place and precedence to the strangers who pour in to share its beneficence, strangers ignorant even of its tongue. That he must do—and wait. The Welsh, the Irish, the Poles, the white South, the indefatigable Jews may cherish grievances and rail aloud. He must

keep still. They may be hysterical, revengeful, threatening, and perverse; their wrongs excuse them. For him there is no excuse. And of all the races upon earth, which has suffered such wrongs as this negro blood that is still imputed to him as a sin? These people who disdain him, who have no sense of reparation towards him, having sinned against him beyond all measure. . . .

No, I can't help idealizing the dark submissive figure of the negro in this spectacle of America. He, too, seems to me to sit waiting—and waiting with a marvellous and simple-minded patience—for finer understandings and a nobler time.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Our gaze is fixed upon that city sometimes called the golden gate,
Lies far beyond the vast level plains of the west,
And on the western slope of what is called
Those towering heights the mighty Rocky Mountain range,
Where the Pacific Ocean silvery waves are seen,
Which lash and wash those shores of golden sand,

Reflected from the Ocean sheen of silver there is seen,
A city vast and great and grand and proud,
Robed in wealth and all the glory conjured by the human mind,
Last eve a proud and mighty metropolis she,
Awakened suddenly and rudely in that early morning dawn,
The thunder peals, the lightning flashes—the solid earth is rent.

Convulsed and tottering like the staggering drunkard,
Who along the highway staggers, reels and falls,
Those massive structures, the consensus of her pride,
In one brief moment crushed and crumbled into dust,
The streets once clear and clean now filled with wreck and ruin,
And from the mass of debris the columns of smoke and flame shoot high,
The city's doomed, her children dead and dying amid the ruin.

With one fell stroke of nature a mighty city is blotted out,
This great calamity which shocks and awes the world,
And in the suffering of our fellow man in that city of the west,
Crops out that kinship of the world that feelings true,
All men are brothers and that our duty which is clear,
To fee the hungry, clothe the naked, and the needy help,
Let eighty million people reach out the helping hand,
In giving freely to the sufferers in that far off western town.

Written by W. T. Barks the morning after the great earthquake, April 18th, 1906.



THIS PAGE IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO ATLANTA.

IDEALS

BY THOMAS NELSON BAKER

(Continued from last month.)

Too much praise cannot be given the Negroes for their unparalleled conduct towards the white women and girls during the civil strife when the master was in the army fighting to keep the slaves in chains—that piece of conduct alone is enough to make any thoughtful Negro proud of being a Negro, but it must not be forgotten that the task of degrading those women by the Negro was not as easy and simple as might at first sight appear. These women had an inward protection of which they themselves were unconscious, but which the Negro felt and stood in awe of, he knew not why—and that protection was their religious devotion to a right aesthetical ideal. There were white women who degraded themselves, no doubt, with black men, but they were as a rule those who had already been degraded by white men. And the same is largely true today. The white women as a rule who marry Negro men are those who have little or no chance of marrying men of their own race.

In the practical life of mankind aesthetics is more powerful than ethics. For the average woman, and the average individual is the one that determines the grade of society—a thing is wrong because it is ugly. We begin to develop the ethical sense of our children, not by telling them a thing is right or wrong, but by telling them it is pretty or ugly. A child has pretty manners when he obeys and ugly manners when he disobeys. The average woman in this respect is but a grown-up child, and what is ugly is wrong. To a woman whose aesthetical ideals are sound—that is to say, a woman in whose eyes a baby of her own race is the most beautiful—to

such a woman the ugliest thing in the world is a black child born of a white mother or a white child born of a black mother. But when once the black woman's aesthetical taste is perverted, that which was the ugliest becomes the most beautiful. What would happen in this country if the white woman should become as aesthetically perverted as the Negro woman? Now it must be remembered that this aesthetical perversion was a most natural thing under the circumstances; but taste when it is once formed asks no question as to its origin, but mercilessly tyrannizes its victim. In speaking of the Negro woman in slavery a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1906, page 607—a man who says in describing himself: "I am a Southerner of the Southerners, says:

"But there is one fact which every man familiar with the life of that day will recognize at once, which is a great comfort to think of and which has always seemed to me a special dispensation in behalf of these poor creatures. It is this: that a lapse of the kind we are considering never seemed to degrade the slave woman any more than the birth of Ishmael degraded Hagar. It not only did not lower her in the eyes of anybody, white or black, but it had no degrading effect upon her whatever. If she had been gentle and good tempered, and in general terms 'a good servant' before, she continued to be so afterwards. If she had been your nurse, you need not have feared to leave your children with her. They will learn no evil. She was not rendered coarse or obscene. Her womanly instincts remained the same. She was the same

kindly body and went on her cheerful way as if nothing serious had happened. I know a number of them still living, old mulatto women, many of them in the odor of sanctity and esteemed by white and black neighbors, who in their youth had led lives which I will not here describe more particularly. My own old 'mammy' had three daughters, the oldest a bright mulatto, and my own much loved nurse; the two younger were as black as old Isaac, her husband, who took her to wife years after the birth of the first child. I am sure the good old creature is in the land of the blest. Think for a moment. What would a white woman have been who had passed through experiences like these?"

This writer certainly writes in a kindly, sympathetic spirit, and doubtless speaks the truth as he sees it, and what is indeed true of many of these unfortunate women, for in that home of three sisters "the oldest a bright mulatto, the two younger as black as old Isaac," their father, the "bright mulatto" was always considered the "best looking," and a little better than the two younger sisters, as is still the case in Negro families where there are mulatto and Negro children; but he certainly fails to read aright the awful mental agony of many an unfortunate black woman who "went on her cheerful way as if nothing serious had happened," with a bleeding heart because "a bright mulatto" child had been forced upon her against her will—against her nature—against her aesthetic taste. "It was not according to my wish," such a one has been heard to say with a tremor in her voice and a tear in her heart, when speaking of her first born which was "a bright mulatto." It was certainly "a special dispensation in behalf of these poor creatures" that they should be given the strength to "go on their cheerful way as if nothing serious had happened," though with bleeding hearts, guarding religiously against any feeling of hatred, "lest any root of bitterness springing up" in their hearts should trouble them and many thereby be defiled. No one has more reason to be proud of the women of his race than the American Negro. "Think for a moment. What would a

white woman have been who had passed through experiences like these?" Think of white girls living with men who consider it no disgrace to use them for their transient pleasure! No race of women in the world could pass through experiences like these and come out with a grander and nobler type of womanhood than is to be found among the American Negroes today. The degradation of the American Negro has been the most subtle and the most pernicious of all the degradation in the world—the perversion of his aesthetic taste which makes him ashamed of his type—makes him glory in his shame and ashamed of his glory. "Think for a moment!"

What would the white woman have been had she been so aesthetically perverted that a mulatto child was more beautiful to her than a white one and a little better withal? It is safe to say that she would have been but little better than the Negro woman. The Negro woman had to face two foes at once—the white woman had to face but one, and that one under circumstances all in her favor. The Negro man had to face the temptation common to humanity and at the same time had to fight her aesthetic taste, and she had to do this under the most unfavorable circumstances.

Those who stood under circumstances like these, contending against these two foes were certainly stronger than the women who under circumstances all in their favor, fell before the single foe with which all who remain here have to contend. The man with a taste for strong drink certainly has a harder battle to fight to keep sober than does the man whose taste is on his side in this matter, and who never desired to drink. The teachings of slavery turned the Negro woman's aesthetic taste against her moral interests. It is this aesthetic perversion that made the production of mulattoes so much easier than it would otherwise have been. And it is this condition of things that has produced among the American Negroes a class of unusually strong women. There are Negro women who can and do live pure under circumstances which few others can. The average

white woman tempted to degrade herself with a black man before she can yield to that temptation must resist and overcome her aesthetical taste, while the average Negro woman tempted to degrade herself with a white man, not to yield to that temptation, must resist and overcome not only the weakness common to humanity in such temptations, but she must also resist and overcome her aesthetical taste which is against her moral interests.

It is not hard to see which woman has the harder battle to fight, nor is it hard to see which shows the greater strength in overcoming the temptation. There were Negro women whose aesthetical taste slavery itself could never pervert, and these women scorned the idea of having a white child as much as any white woman scorned and abhorred the idea of having a black one. Some of these Negro women were forced to do what they scorned and abhorred. These are the women who speak of their first born which was "a bright mulatto" with a tremor in their voices and a tear in their hearts. But there are others—too many others, who take evident pride in having mothered "bright mulattoes." This perversion of taste on the part of these girls and women, together with the double standard of morals explicitly taught for white men and women, made purity on the part of white boys and men quite improbable. And the highest type of manhood in the South was very, very seldom found. The aesthetical perversion of the black woman meant the moral perversion of the white man, and the black women who resisted were raped.

What is rape? "This crime is peculiar in that the moral injury is in most cases far greater than any possible physical damage to the body alone. It consists in the carnal knowledge (sexual intercourse) of a female child or woman forcibly and against her will. . . . The following points are to be noted: The force employed to overcome the victim may be of any form, either expressed or implied, physical, mental or moral, and that she was unconscious or in deep

sleep does not alter the case." (Jurisprudence, Johnson Cyc. Vol. IV.)

The most hopeful signs of the times are the evidences which reveal the fact that the American Negro is being restored to himself aesthetically. It is indeed "discouraging and humiliating" to have to acknowledge that this aesthetical perversion shows itself most clearly in many of our said-to-be best educated Negroes, but it is encouraging and edifying to know that there are those of the race who rebuke this perversion and aesthetical wickedness in these high places. It is enough to make a Negro blush and show it to hear that the Black Republic of Liberia chose the face of a white woman as its ideal of physical beauty instead of the face of a black woman. It makes one's head ache to learn that Liberia has thus revealed its awful aesthetical, and because aesthetical, moral degradation. But the headache in this case is a good sign, for it shows that there is taking place unconsciously, it may be, an aesthetical restoration of the American to himself.

The editorial in the "Voice of the Negro" for July, 1906, shows how many thoughtful Negroes feel about this question. After speaking of the stamp with a huge hippotamus on it struggling through the reeds of an African jungle, the editor says:

"But worse still is the other stamp of the black republic. The face is that of a white woman. No criticism is here offered as against the beauty of some white women's faces, but why a black republic founded upon the shores of black Africa for black men, and in which none may become land owners or citizens except black people, should choose a white face as its ideal of beauty instead of a black face, is hard to understand. Can it be true that those black men in far away Africa see no beauty in the black woman's face? That black republic should learn at once that it need not go far away to find examples of as rare beauty as ever the gods blew into a woman's face."

This sin is an American sin among the Negroes in this land, but to find

it in dark Africa is discouraging and humiliating.

"We should suggest that a model black face be found and a dye made for the Liberian stamp and let that black nation put itself on record in fact and act as well as in words and resolutions that it believes in itself, in its beauty and possible enhancement and above all, it believes that the last stroke of the Divine brush was across the face of a black woman."

This is another instance which shows us that this aesthetical wickedness in high places causes many who are supposed to be educated, to glory in their shame and be ashamed of their glory.

Until the American Negro is restored to himself aesthetically, both the Negro man and the Negro woman will be easy prey for designing members of the Caucasian type, and wealth accumulated by Negro enterprise and brain will be in more cases than one left into the hands of the white race.

To do its best possible work in the world a race, and especially the women of the race, must be religiously devoted to its own type. The womanhood of a race is not safe so long as that race sees the highest form of beauty in the type of another race. The great masters all show their religious devotion to their own race types, and the very countenance of the "Mother of God" is that of the nationality and race of the artist. Speaking on this point Schlegel says: "I have here one observation to make which, though applicable to all paintings of the Spanish school is especially so to those I have just described. A strongly marked national physiognomy characterizes every countenance, difficult to define by any decided features and yet so striking as to be evident at the first glance. So also the figures of Leonardo and Raphael are eminently Italian and those of Duer and his followers no less German in character. This proves at least that painters, if left to the influence of individual taste and personal predilections, instead of employing in every subject one general ideal type, cannot even in such characters as these (Inspiration and Prayer) escape from their individuality or avoid introducing that

peculiar national (and racial) physiognomy with which they are familiar.

... A very remarkable difference exists in this respect between the progress of the old Italian and German schools. In the former beginning from Ghirlandajo or even earlier the figures have a very distinct Italian character; the great masters of a riper period heightened this originally severe nationality into greater ideality of expression, combined nevertheless with a lifelike personality until this, too, is lost in the elective style of modern times and becomes an abstract generality of features, an empty charm of expression devoid of character or significance." (Aesthetics Bohn Lib. p. 58). The artists who have made the canvas glow with divine beauty as none others have, have been those who were most religiously devoted to their own racial and national types. "The head of the Saviour," says Schlegel, "fully justifies my remark on the national features apparent in this painting. It strongly resembles another old German picture of less than life size." It was when men began to try to know only the human race and ignore all race distinctions and characteristics that art became "an abstract generality of features, an empty charm devoid of character and significance." Kant's transcendental Aesthetic, like his transcendental Ethics, has no practical meaning for the actual life of mankind. There are people so interested in goodness in general that they never do any good thing in particular. Beauty and goodness always express themselves under some particular form and in some particular type. Each particular race on earth implies a race upon the spiritual side, if there be any truth in what Mrs. Browning says about the flower: "Every natural flower that grows on earth

Implies a flower upon the spiritual side;

Substantial, archetypal."

Now to see that spiritual beauty of each particular type, each race must be religiously devoted to its own type. "The true object of art should be instead of resting in externals, to lead the mind upwards into a more exalt-

ed region and a spiritual world. While false mannered artists content with the empty glitter of a pleasing imitation, soar no higher, nor ever seek to reach that lofty sphere in which genuine beauty is portrayed according to certain defined ideas of natural characteristics." (Schlegel, *Aesthetics* p. 145.)

Practical religion shows the man his weakness in strength—his flesh in the Godhead—a "face" like his face sits on the throne, a "man" like unto himself he loves and is loved by forever, a "hand" like his hand throws open the gates of new life to him. If religion is ever to do its best work in the world, the man must see God in the flesh, and it must be his flesh and then and only then will he go on his way, limping, it may be, saying with glad surprise: "I have seen God face to face and my life is preserved."

Religion and education are not to destroy race characteristics, but to develop them; "for the expression of the race characteristics is vital in religion." Dr. George W. Smith speaking to the Men's club of the St. Stephen's Episcopal church in Pittsfield, Mass., in May, 1906, said on this question: "The Roman Catholic bishop of a small American diocese stated to the writer a short time ago that he had sent many of his theological students to Poland, Hungary, Italy, Germany, Austria and Canada to learn the languages, the traditions, the ecclesiastical usages, the manners and customs and tastes of the different peoples who come into his jurisdiction in order that the race characteristics of each be consulted and deferred to in their new home, 'otherwise they would be lost to the church.'"

We learn from time to time in our newspapers of great dissatisfaction, even of threats of revolt from the Roman church on the part of some of our immigrants because the cherished rites and customs, which reinforce their own dispositions, are interfered with, for the expression of the race characteristics is vital in religion. On this subject the representations of the Madonna and the Christ are very suggestive. Each race conceiving that the perfection of human nature is to be found in its own perfection, pic-

tures our Lord, the Perfect Man, as one of itself. So our Lord is pictured as a Frenchman, a Dutchman, a German, a Spaniard, an Italian and so forth, according to the characteristics of the various peoples, each of which finds in Him the supply of their spiritual needs, the answer to the profound questions of their souls, the reinforcement of the special disposition of each.

So in Brazil and in other countries inhabited by Negroes (except the American Negroes and others who have been aesthetically perverted) we find the Black Madonna and child—they, too, find in Him their Saviour. He answers to their great needs; He understands them and they worship Him just as all other races worship Him. A white Christ would not meet their needs any more than a black Christ would meet the needs of the Caucasian."

God made man in his own image, and if man is ever to reach his highest possibilities on earth, he must return the compliment; he must become religiously devoted to his own racial type and work out his own individual and racial salvation with fear and trembling, being religiously convinced that "It is God who worketh in him both to will and to work for his good pleasure," and this must go on in the life of mankind "till we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." This must go on not till a few, but "till all attain" this goal set before us. Strength must serve weakness—Intelligence must wait on ignorance, righteousness, goodness and holiness must contend against and yet be patient and long-suffering with sin and wickedness. And this must be so because the All-Father himself is long suffering towards us, and is not satisfied with the salvation of a few, "The Talented Tenth," "The Elect," etc., but wishes all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth. The strong must bear the infirmities of weak and not please themselves and this they must do until all are strong.

Education and religion of the right kind bring into the person's life right

ethical and aesthetical ideals. The American Negro is morally weak through a religious devotion to a wrong aesthetical ideal of physical beauty. One of the best magazines of this country and perhaps of the world—a true and tried friend to the Negro—prophecies that the Negro will be eliminated on this continent by the preference of darker women for lighter men. “Meanwhile the white race is not being darkened, and appears in no danger of it, while the black race is steadily whitening, and is likely to whiten more and more by the preference of darker women for lighter men, until in time the black race will be eliminated on the continent.” (The Independent, N. Y., July 13, 1905, p. 106.)

It is hard to see why the writer should say this is to be brought about through the preference of darker women for lighter men any more than through the preference of darker men for lighter women. It is well known that educated Negroes as a rule do not marry black women, and one high in authority on the Negro question tells us that in some cases where ed-

ucated Negroes marry black women, it is done because these Negroes could not get the lighter women that they wanted. And so we see that no only the uneducated, but the educated Negro also is morally weak through this religious devotion to a wrong aesthetical ideal of physical beauty. That is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and to get the person right spiritually he must get right naturally. That is not first in the life of mankind which is ethical, but that which is aesthetical, and to get the person right ethically and morally, he must get right aesthetically. And when this comes to pass in the life of the American Negro, then and not till then will the womanhood of the race be bound to the right aesthetical ideal by that “three-fold cord which cannot be quickly nor easily broken,” and then will the American Negro no longer glory in his shame and be ashamed of his glory; but deep down in his heart he will feel and believe with an unshakable faith “that the last stroke of the divine brush was across the face of a black woman.”

(The End.)

Just Be Glad

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!

What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!

What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known.

When our tears fell with the shower,
All alone!—

Were not shine and shadow blent
As the gracious Master meant?—
Let us temper our content
With his own.

For, we know, not every morrow
Can be sad;

So, forgetting all the sorrow

We have had,

Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Purity of Heart Desired.

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find, thy promised rest:

Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Guillermo Doblache's Picarillo Sherry and Manzanilla Pasada are unblended very pale, very delicate, very dry wines, grown and reared within a few miles of Puerto-de-Santa-Maria (Port St. Mary's, according to the person who thinks that no foreigner knows how to spell his own name) on the Bay of Cadiz; and bottled there, and shipped from the Bay by him, to Boston and New York where they can be had of all intelligent dealers in "the cup which cheers"—but does "inebriate" if you take too much of it!

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COMMENTS ON ALEXANDER'S MAGAZINE

The Tuskegee anniversary number of Alexander's Magazine was most favorably mentioned by over 100 newspapers throughout the United States, and a great number of letters to the editor indicate that the magazine was a decided achievement in Negro journalism.

The Springfield Republican: "Pessimists as to the Negro race in this country might be cheered and edified by perusing the last number of Alexander's Magazine, a Boston monthly, devoted to the interests of the colored race. It is admirable in the interest and variety of its contents, and especially in the pervading tone, which is earnest and sane, strikingly free from bitterness, and cheerful and hopeful throughout. This number is especially devoted to the recent anniversary at Tuskegee, and what we know as the Tuskegee spirit is everywhere present. But there is a significance in the number and widespread distribution of the men who are described and characterized as leaders. There is a cordial appreciation of the address at Tuskegee of Bishop Galloway of Mississippi, of the Methodist Episcopal church South, a white man, who spoke with entire frankness and courage of the political as well as industrial rights of the Negro, and in protest against men of the Dixon and Vardaman type as mischievous demagogues. The bishop is an instance of the better spirit that is rising against the prevailing tide of intolerance among the southern whites. This magazine, which is published at a dollar a year, well de-

serves support among the colored people and their friends, and is adapted to do much good."

Mr. G. S. Dickerman, general field agent of the Southern Education Board, says:

"I am glad to see the evidences in your magazine of just those high standards that are so much needed in a field where feeling is in such danger of obscuring clearness of vision."

Mr. Sylvester Russell, in the Indianapolis Freeman: "If the story cannot be told by rambling Sam or the little white public school street urchin, one has only to furnish either of them with the May issue of Alexander's Magazine to see the most beautiful illustration in existence, and to read and be convinced as never before of the work of the choicest intellectual and manual institution the South has ever produced. In perusing Alexander's Magazine, the most complete offering I have ever seen in Negro literature. For what our eyes have seen Mr. Alexander must now here be given unstinted praise for what he has presented to us in his beautiful magazine."

Dr. Booker T. Washington: "It is a very fine and creditable piece of work, not only in its physical appearance, but in its literary quality. This institution is most grateful to you for all that you have done and said. There have been few publications of the kind, if any, among our people that have surpassed this issue of your magazine."

The Public (Chicago) said in a recent issue:

The May issue of Alexander's Magazine (714 Shawmut avenue, Boston) is largely devoted to the celebration on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of April of the 25th anniversary of the founding of Tuskegee. Remarkable as is the record of Tuskegee, striking as is the bird's-eye view of the orderly little city embowered with trees, which is just the Institute and nothing more, still more impressive are the group pictures of Negro men and women to be found in these pages—impressive because they exhibit so strongly the highest human traits. We find in them so much self-control, strength, sincerity, kindness, poise and purpose that it seems natural to ask if in the wretched and wicked race struggle which our own race has created and perpetuated, the Negro has not been developing some of the virtues which we have been sacrificing to our arrogance.

The Hon. Archibald H. Grimke, in a personal letter to the editor, dated at Washington, D. C., says:

"By the way, I think that your Tuskegee Number is the best thing you have done in magazine work. Indeed, I think it is the best thing that any colored magazine, on the whole, has yet done. And that is saying a good deal, but it does not say more than you deserve."

Mr. R. W. Thompson: "Other periodicals which have also faithfully portrayed the incidents connected with Tuskegee's Silver Jubilee, and which deserve special mention for the beauty, reportorial accuracy and literary excellence of the editions given out, are Alexander's Magazine, Bos-

ton, and the Colored American Magazine, New York, edited respectively by the brilliant Charles Alexander and Roscoe Conkling Simmons."

Mr. Philip A. Payton, Jr.: "It is well gotten up and very attractive magazine. I enjoy reading it very much."

Friends' Intelligencer: "Alexander's Magazine, we remind our readers, is the best periodical edited and published by a colored man for the uplift of our colored brothers that has come to our notice."

E. C. Brown, real estate dealer at Newport News, Va.; "Alexander's Magazine is really the most up-to-date of any of our publications on the market today."

W. Sidney Pittman, architect; "I have heard many comments on the Tuskegee anniversary number of Alexander's magazine and personally, I must say that you deserve great credit."

Dr. Benjamin M. Nyce, Talladega College (Talladega, Ala.); "Alexander's Magazine is doing a good work and ought to be encouraged."

R. L. Stokes, of the New York Age: "Alexander's Magazine is the best magazine the race ever published."

Hon. T. Thomas Fortune, editor of the New York Age: "The Tuskegee Number of Alexander's Magazine is a very creditable number indeed."

Mr. Emmett J. Scott, executive secretary to Dr. Booker T. Washington: "It is a magnificent production."



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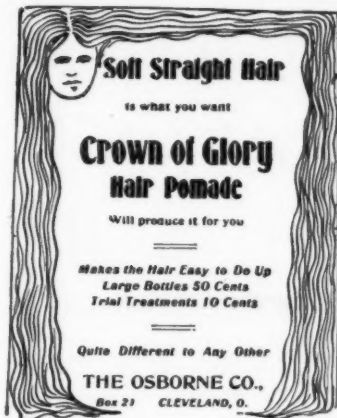
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